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The LUCKY BAG, 1906

VOL. XIII

The LUCKY BAG

1906

Being an Annual Published by
The Graduating Class of The
United States Naval Academy

ANNAPOLIS :: MARYLAND

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Springfield, Massachusetts

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The Class of 1906

RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATES THIS VOLUME
TO

Commander William Freeland Fullam

UNITED STATES NAVY

AS A SLIGHT MARK OF APPRECIATION FOR THE THOUGHTFUL
AND COURTEOUS TREATMENT EXTENDED TO
THE CLASS ON EVERY OCCASION

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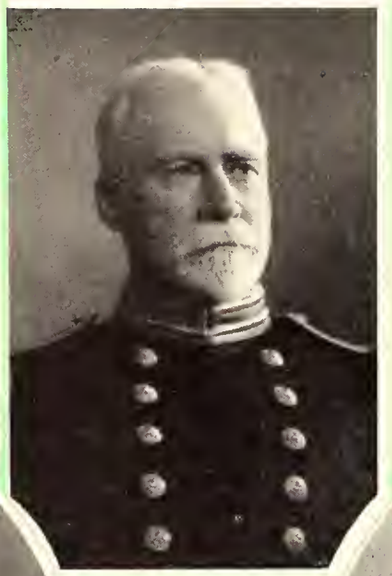
Committee

GEO. W. BARRATT

¶TO THE CLASS

ON board ship *The* Lucky Bag contains a miscellaneous accumulation, picked up by the Master-at-Arms at various times and places about the ship. So this Lucky Bag contains but the odds and ends gathered together by the editors from many and diverse sources about the Academy. As in the former, when the bag is opened and the contents given to the crew, some drawing prizes and others blanks; so in the latter we can hardly hope to please you all, but do hope that the majority have drawn prizes. ¶The editors have exhausted their joint vocabulary of the terms of greatness in their endeavor to make you appear "heroes all" and sincerely hope that the result has been satisfactory.



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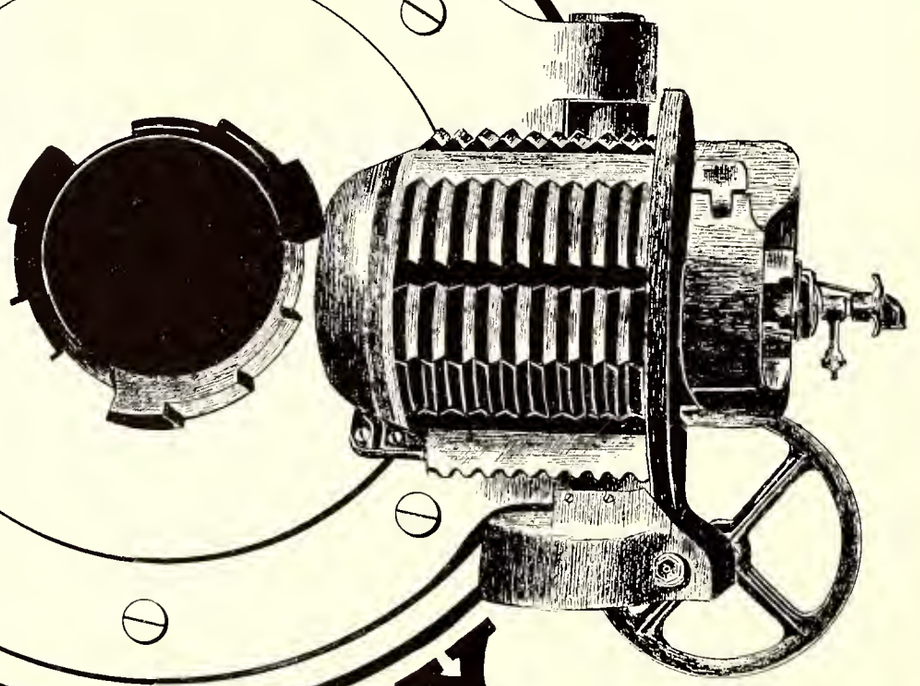

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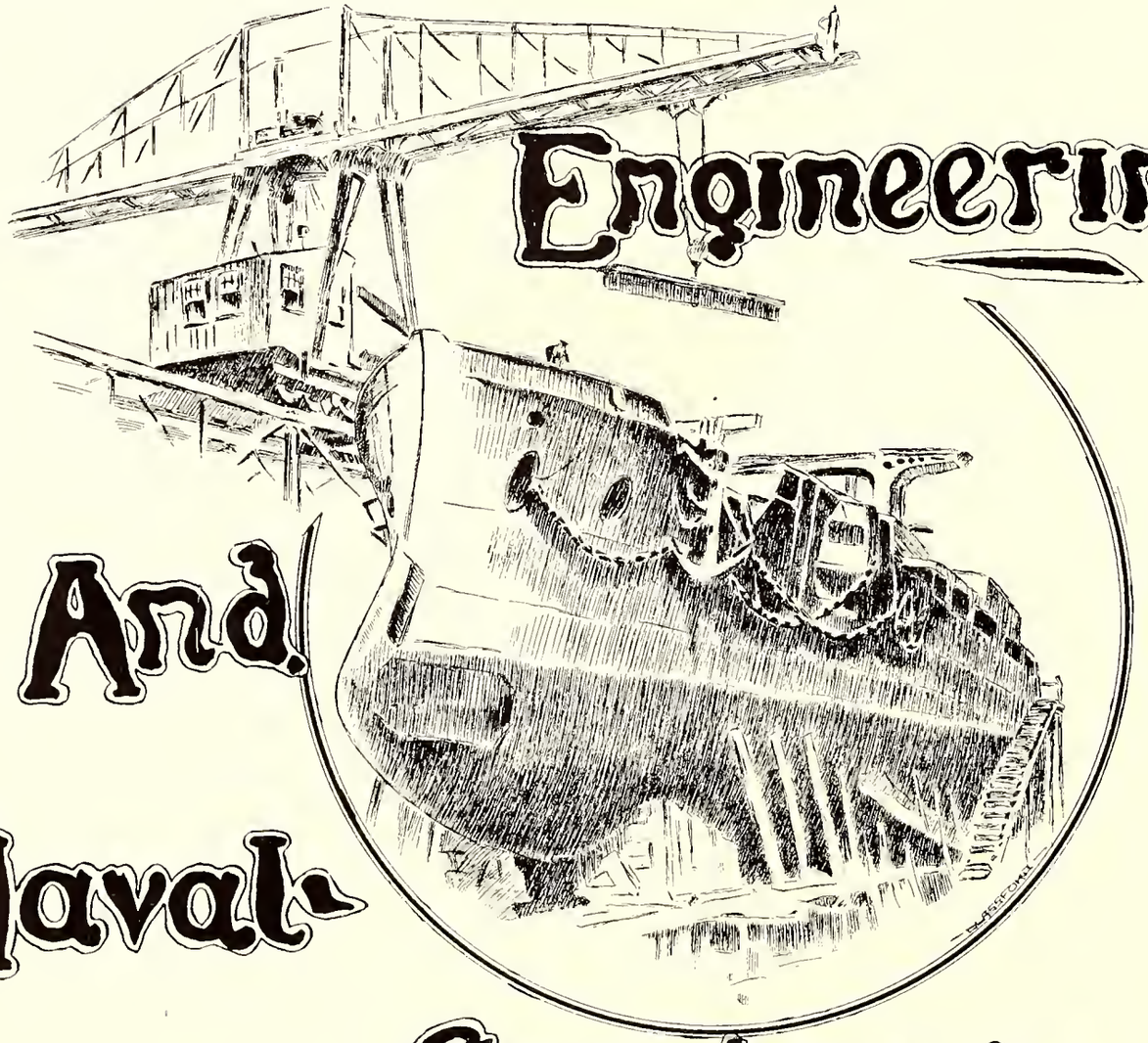

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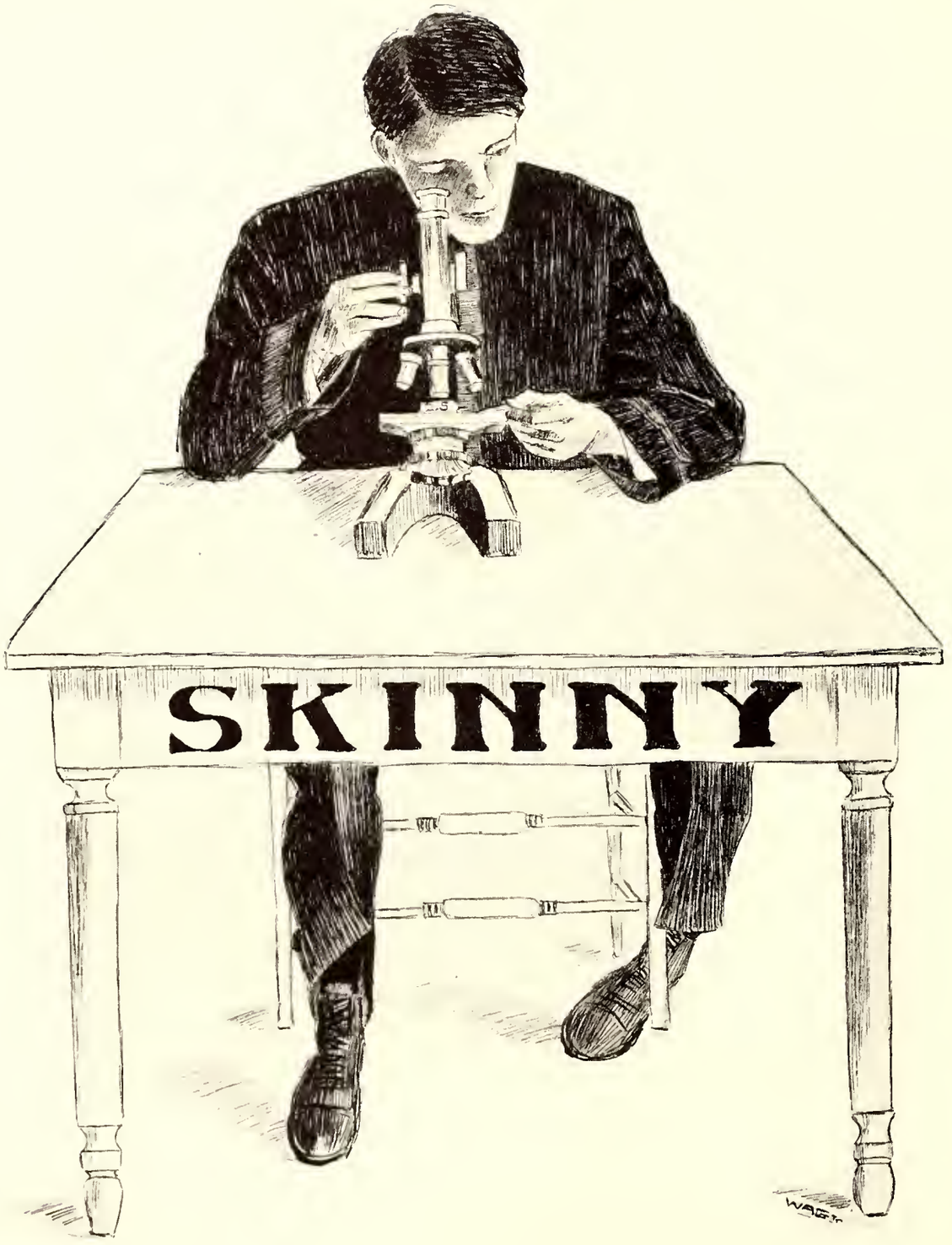
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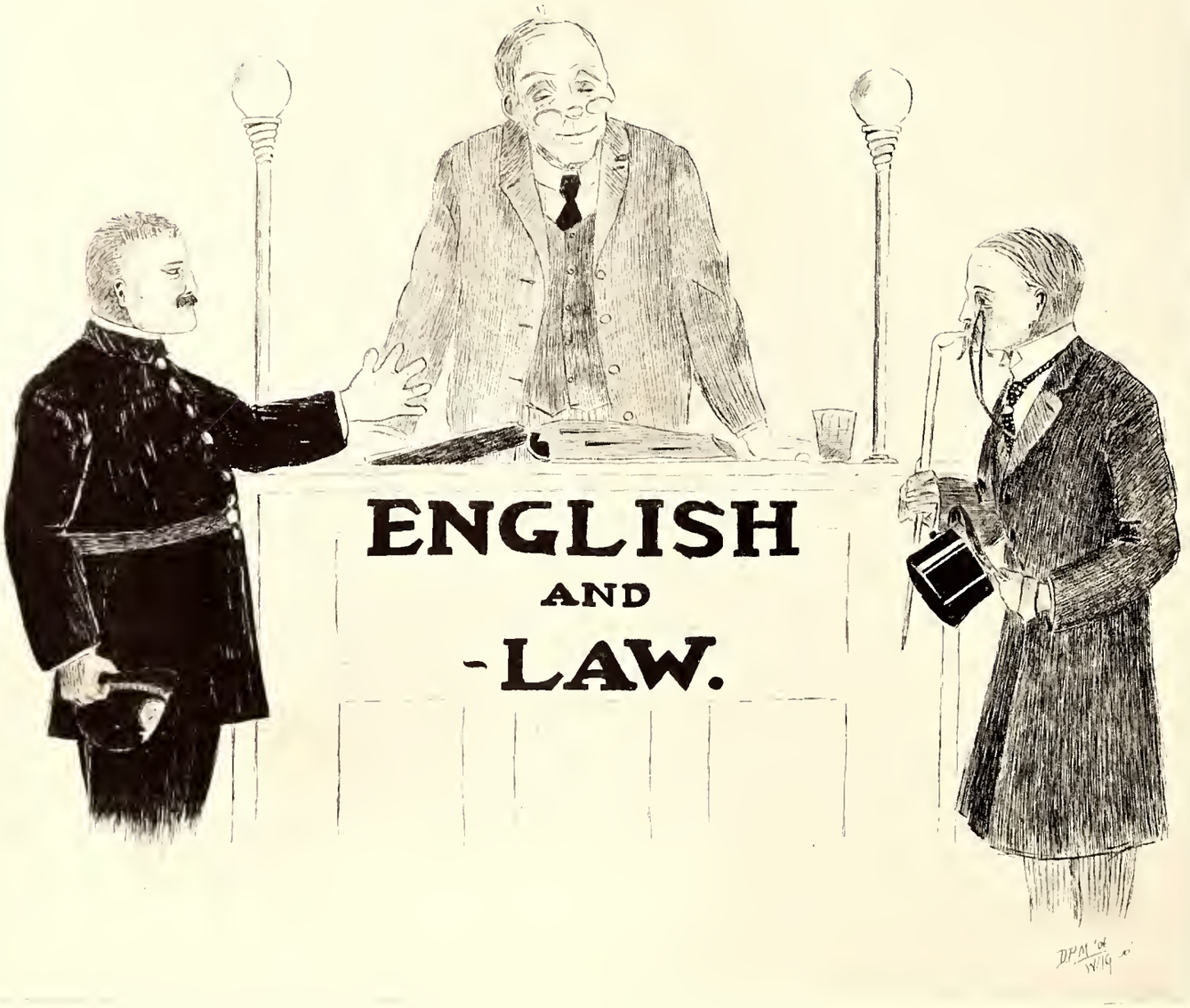

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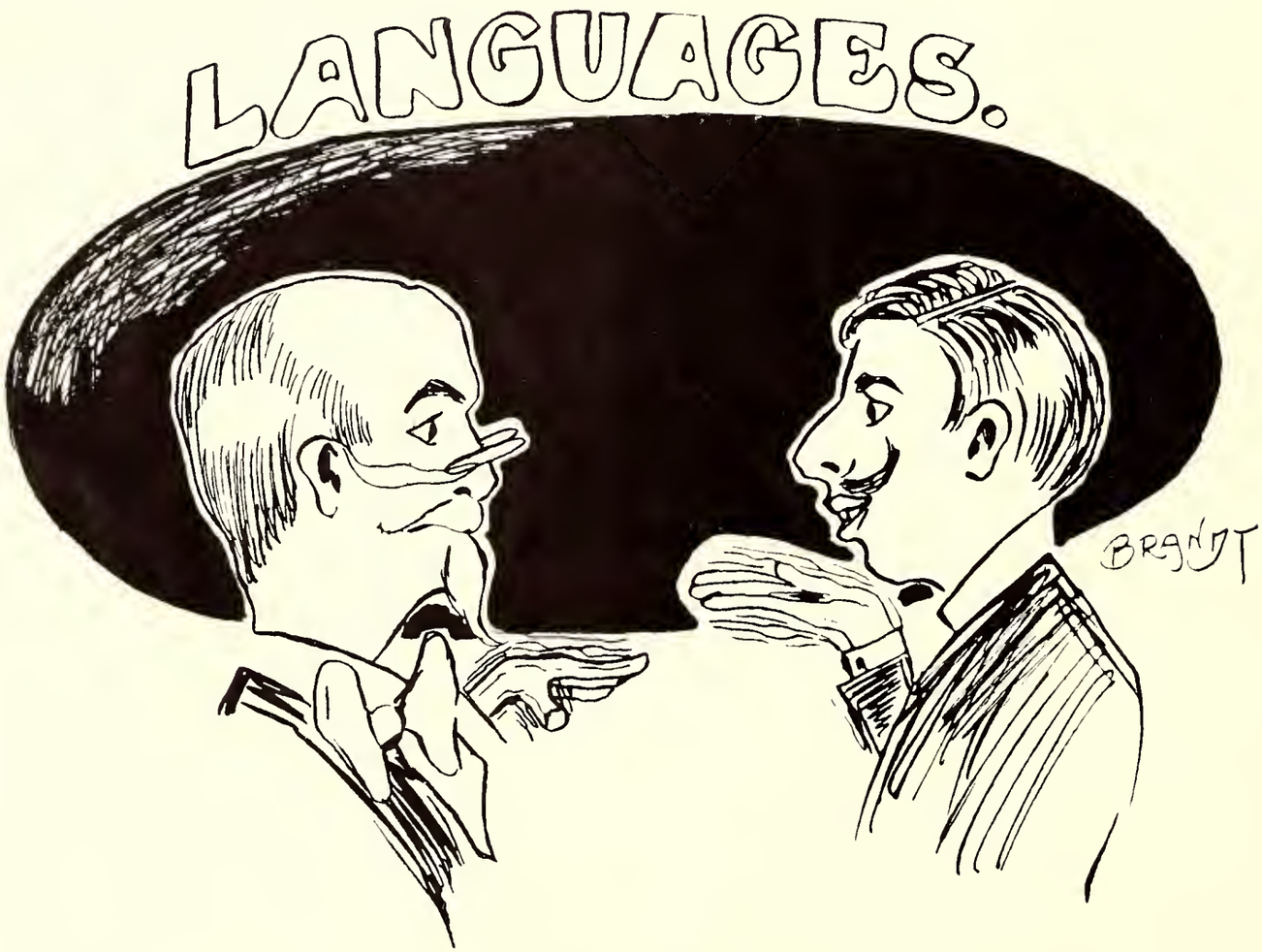
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Brigade Adjutant GLASSFORD

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Cadet Lieutenant Commander R. L. Ghormley

Adjutant H. K. Aiken *Cadet Chief Petty Officer* R. W. Spofford

Cadet Lieutenants

D. L. Howard, Whitford Drake, J. H. Collins, W. W. Lorshbough, R. F. Smith, H. S. Hickey

Cadet Junior Lieutenants

Alex. Sharp, Jr., O. Bartlett, R. W. Cabaniss, P. H. Field, R. M. Brainard, L. M. Ewell

Cadet Ensigns

N. M. Smith, J. T. G. Stapler, F. M. Robinson, N. L. Chapin, R. P. Scudder, A. L. Bristol

SECOND BATTALION

Cadet Lieutenant Commander A. J. CHANTRY, Jr.

Battalion Adjutant I. C. KIDD

Cadet Staff Petty Officer A. A. GARCELON

Cadet Lieutenants

A. C. WILHELM
L. M. ATKINS
M. F. DRAEMEL
S. W. WALLACE
W. L. CALHOUN
J. P. MILLER

Cadet Junior Lieutenants

F. J. FLETCHER
S. DECATUR, Jr.
R. C. GRADY
G. B. WRIGHT
V. P. COFFIN
H. G. FULLER

Cadet Ensigns

W. B. DECKER
W. C. BARKER
D. P. MORRISON
F. L. REICHMUTH
H. ALLEN
H. J. FRENCH

First Battalion

Petty Officers First Class

Keene	Welch	Rees	Emerson
Woodworth	Harter	Hartigan	Hayes
Washburn	Delano	Doherty	Pense
Lowman	Walker	Shute	Taylor
Wilson	Fuller	Howe	Cake
Connor	Olding	McWhorter	Stiles

Petty Officers Second Class

Hughes	Anderson	Metcalf	Cooley
Booth	Bean	Kelly	Stirling
Madden	Newton	Bradley	Wolleson
Mann	Gillmor	McCrary	Frank
Lanman	Ludlow	Spencer	Coffman
Stover	Cummings	Henderson	Mckinney

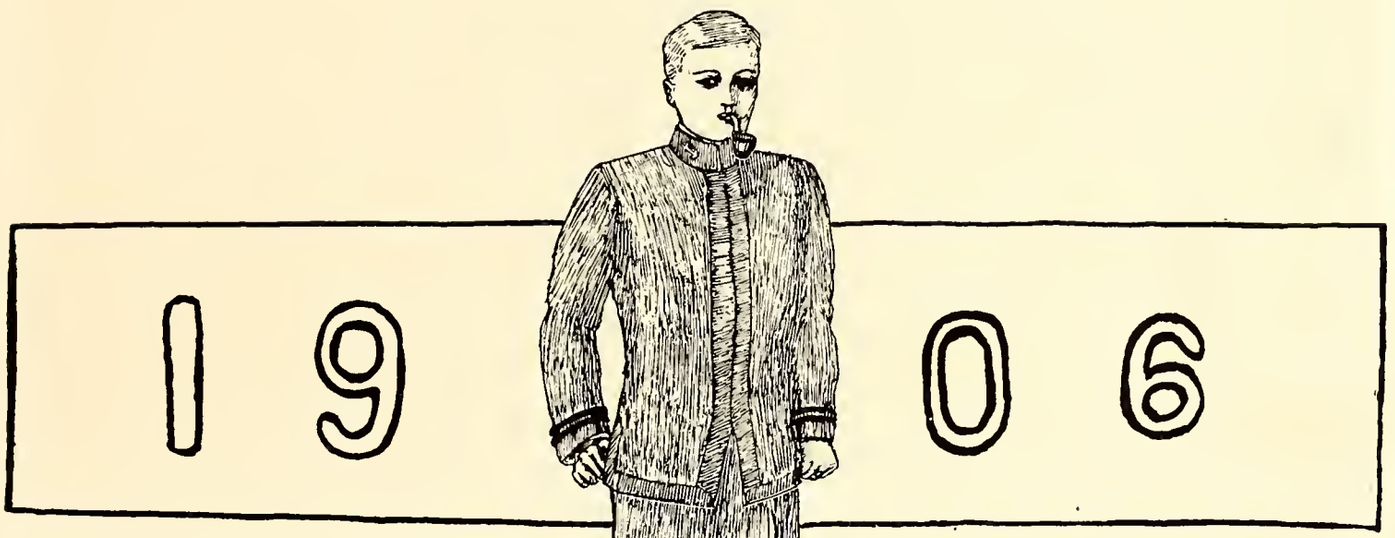
Second Battalion

Cadet Petty Officers First Class

Perkins	Woodruff	Hall	White
Willson	Towers	Bogart	Goldman
Bryan	Foster	McDonald	Riebe
Causey	Lake	Moses	Davis
Withers	Meyers	Bernheim	Russell
Stevenson	Mayo	Roberts	Clarke

Cadet Petty Officers Second Class

Manly	Graves	Hall	Jones
Bonvillian	Lowe	Alexander	Theobald
Taffinder	Stevenson	Ingram	Caskey
Murfin	Jacobs	Page	Hill
Rogers	Holden	Iseman	McKeehan
McCain	Galloway	Lee	Hanson



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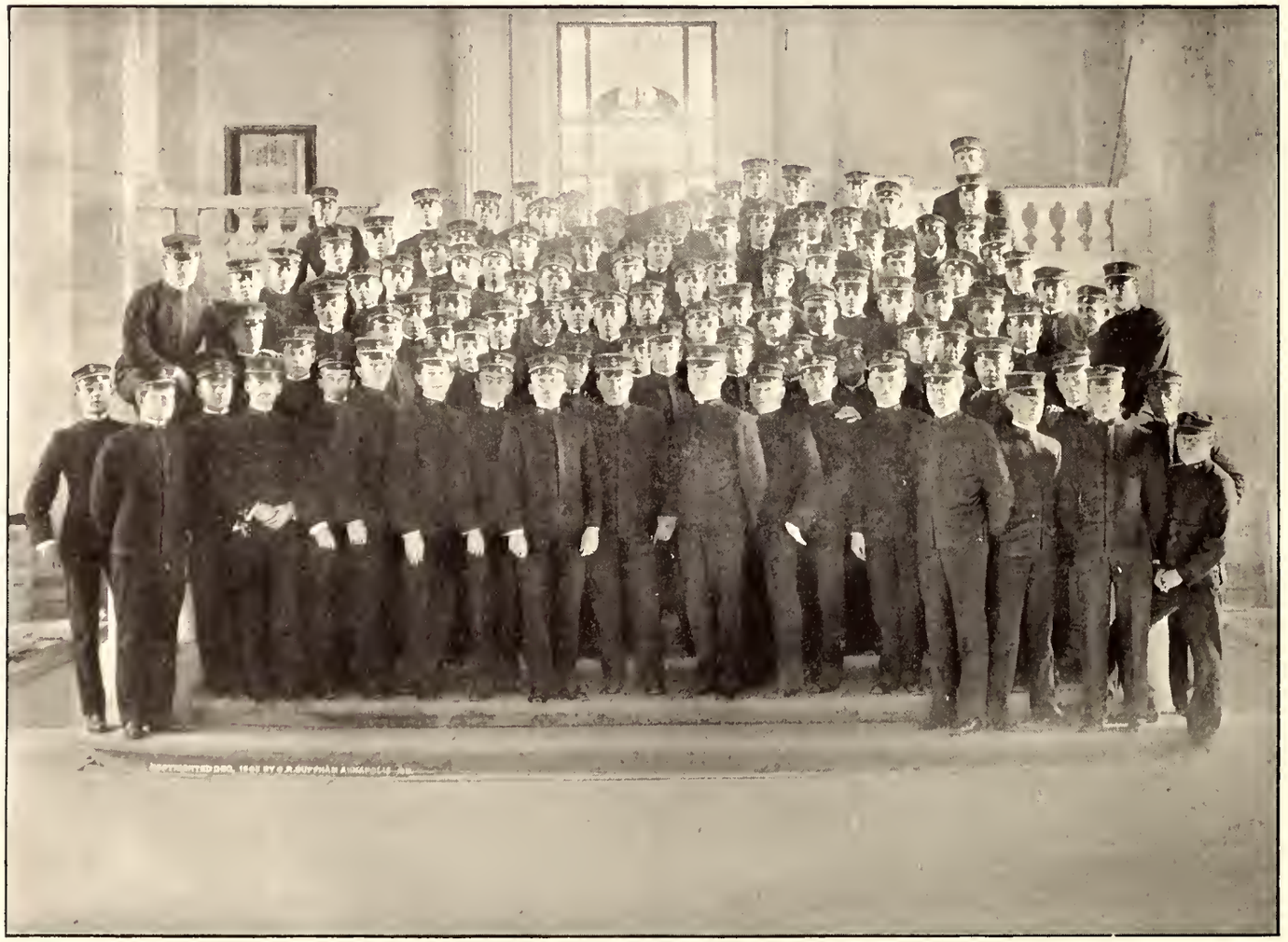
Function

Plebe

YOUNGSTER

SECOND CLASS



First Class

HUGH KERR AIKEN New Orleans, Louisiana

"Padre"

"Who spoke no slander—no, nor listened to it."—Tennyson.

"Many are called but few get up."—Proverb.

Battalion adjutant; Football (4); Yellow N; Class Ring Committee; Track Team; Choir; Gym Team, Fusser.

Recovered from an operation in the U. S. N. A. hospital! A strong man with a rare capacity for food and sleep. While caressing his wife "Della" broke her nose in three places. Our ideal of a dashing midshipman—dashing to formation in a race with the bugle.* When really happy plays funeral dirges on his fiddle, and has been known to break forth into melodies of the Sunny South. A divine dancer with a sister in every port and an extensive grease in old Annapolis. Roomed with "Buoy" for three years without accumulating his exact habits. "You scoundrel!"

Aiken—late breakfast formation—Aiken.

Same—late dinner formation—Aiken.

*The bugle usually wins.

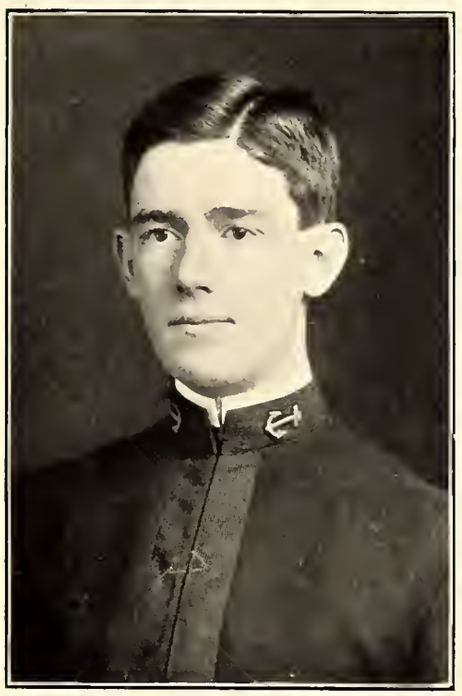
GEORGE ANDREW ALEXANDER — Cincinnati, Ohio

"Alec"

"An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care."
—Cowley.

Buzzard (1); Gym Team (4, 3); Captain (2); Class Baseball Team (3, 2).

From the times of "Speedy" the high diver to the days of "Williams, or alone with the Black Diamond Express," no circus has proclaimed such features as appeared on the boards of the Naval Academy when the Ohio papers announced the coming of the boy athlete. Since that time his golden fleece could be viewed hanging flauntingly from a horizontal bar at any Gym tournament much to the admiration of the fair ones. A small man, strong in mind and body and who possesses a remarkable run that—viewed from astern—resembles a four-arm semaphore talking Spanish. Originator of a new system of grammar and spelling which delights his instructors and amuses his classmates.



HUGH ALLEN — Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"Billy," "Squirrel tooth"

"And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike by algebra."
—Butler.

One stripe; Star (4); Y. M. C. A. (4, 3, 2, 1); Chairman Bible Study.

Billy is a modest youth of less summers than some of us and who by his unclouded intellect has been able to keep his head above water. Probably his most dangerous escapade was on that noteworthy occasion when, glancing bravely down the muzzle of a fowling piece, proclaimed that so far as he knew, guns were *always* cleaned with military brushes. Was early accused of looking like a squirrel and has never been able to prove an alibi. Eats with an enthusiasm and persistency that are truly remarkable. Never was known to get excited at anything, and swallows the hardest knock without a word in defense.

LESLEY BARRATT ANDERSON

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Andy," "Legs"

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."—Keats.

Buzzard (1); Class Baseball (3); Captain (2); Indian Club Artist; Gym Team; Baseball Training Table (4, 3); Class Yell Committee; Choir (4, 3, 2, 1).

Received a musical education in the Annex A reading-room. Club swinger extraordinary. Star tenor of the Bum Town Quartette. Musical prodigy and bridge fiend. Has an untamable laugh of the "Maud" variety. His curly locks are most frequently concealed beneath a watch cap and his *legs* incased in white mousseline de soie trousers flanged á la high water. Began to show signs of social adaptability early by offering the O. C. some candy plebe year. Is a charter member of all second division social clubs. Never quite made "our crowd."

"Hee Haw, Young Bean!"

ELDRED BEWES ARMSTRONG Indianapolis, Indiana

"Eldred," "Puggie," "Armie"

"Be as kind and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee."
—Shakespeare.

Three stripes—four buttons (1); Buzzard (2); Class Banner Committee; Choir (3, 2).

A loving and lovable little hoosier who managed to spoon on all the upper classmen when a plebe. Was at one time behind the footlights in vaudeville and has never forgotten his famous hits in song and dance. Tries to keep up with his old time profession as an impersonator of famous characters. Loves to chew manfully on his finger tips and utter such oaths as "Oh, fudge!" "Pickles!" "Oh, splash!" etc. Would like to grease, but hasn't got the nerve. Is said to have made bold to "Buck" on one occasion and the effort paid him well. When it comes to fussing he has held his own with "Leigh" and "Steve" so far and has hopes for the future. Stood well in Seamanship.

"My goodness! won't you take your dress?"

LEW MORTON ATKINS — Butte, Montana

"Tommy," "Tommy Lew"

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou art such a testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
That there's no living with thee or without thee."
—*Addison.*

Three stripes (1); Buzzard (2); Choir (4, 3, 2, 1); Choir Leader (1); Farewell Ball Committee; Class Football (4, 3, 2, 1); Star (4); Cheer Leader (1); German Committee; Christmas Card Committee; Ring Committee; Lucky Bag Committee.

Used to be partial to red, but that color lost its attractiveness when "Slippery" ragged him in a bath robe of that hue. Makes all comers in the race for Joe Miller's joke book look like a canal boat in a yacht race. Believes in the divine right of kings, and follows the same great circle course out to the hill as did generations before him. Is ever a welcome addition to any crowd because of his taking ways and occasional success in cracking a real joke. If the quality of his music could be judged by the volume of sound emitted, one would say that he was a howling success. His gyrations, in leading the yells, caused Woolsey to loose interest in the football game in his effort to trace the wonderful curves produced.

WILLIAM CYRUS BARKER, Jr. Salt Lake City, Utah

"Cy," "Willie," "Bow wow"

"Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises."
—Shakespeare.

One stripe (1); Buzzard (2); Star (4, 3).

A brilliant son of the Golden West who has been through several colleges and is suspected of having a family in Utah, but swears he is not a Mormon. With Graves makes the best debating team in the N. A. Under certain conditions becomes hilarious but very destructive, and then is the only time he is an unwelcome visitor. Thinks California the only country in the world for pretty girls and gaining weight. Class math instructor, but disdained Lucky Bag honors, fearing the cold bath. The dog-faced man.

"Why, here's the way to do that!"

OWEN BARTLETT — Detroit, Michigan

"Prince," "Rookie"

"Pausing ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Cutlass and corslet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus."
—Longfellow.

Two stripes; Class Yell Committee; Hustlers (3); Crew (4, 3, 2); Fell in love (eight specifications) (1).

Inventor of the first and only original class yell. Has never recovered from the shock of seeing a spar buoy *almost* capsize in a gale. Tends topsail sheets at "clew down." Pie racer of note. Got back from the West Point game without getting ragged and has been touge ever since. A man of many troubles (mostly feminine) and has a large coefficient of susceptibility. Once narrowly escaped court martial for discriminating against his own cap—threw it in the ash barrel by mistake then couldn't see the joke. Believes in the manly art of self-defense and always carries a sword for this purpose—especially Sunday mornings. Once bit off more of the Terror's paint than he could chew. Has recently changed his home address to Concord, Mass.

"The first class will draw torpedo boats in the armory."

PAUL JONES BEAN — Bastrop, Texas

"Squeedy-squeedunk from Skunkville"
"Carlos," "John Paul"

"Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing."
—Longfellow.

Buzzard (1); Four buttons (1); Class Baseball (3, 2); Class Football (2); Choir (3, 2).

A woolly member of the Texas string of Navy Beans. Roomed with the Dutchman because he was from Boston, and has acquired the real German accent. Has a shy, sweet voice, which lasted a year or so on the choir, but he rarely used it there, preferring to sleep Sundays. Sang Home, Sweet Home so feelingly plebe year as to bring tears to the eyes of upper class auditors. Knows the cards better than nav. or calc. Got in the first section in mechanics and has never gotten over the shock. Member of the Lucy Linda Quartette. Mourns the loss of a set bird first class year. Is partial to sperm whalers and fountains because he likes water so.

LYNN BERNARD BERHEIM Louisville, Kentucky

"Linge," "Gorilla Bill," "Heim," "Monk"
Aliases: Burnham, Bernstein and
Bernheem

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."
—Shakespeare.

"Many a man's tongue makes out his master's undoing."—Shakespeare.

Buzzard (1); Santee (3).

The human talking machine. Always the first man to recite, and spends the whole hour discoursing in an interesting manner on what he did not put on the board. Is never wrong, but when his statements are questioned, he looks at the instructor with a penetrating, studious and engaging stare and states that he misunderstood the question. Spoons on everybody at first sight and spends most of his time hanging on other people who become his fast friends by accepting his caresses. Walks like a sine curve and lives in a cage. Is good hearted and the best natured man in the class.

"That's all right, Mr. Bernstein, get off of my feet and you'll get your 2.5."

ISAAC CRABELL BOGART Columbus Grove, Ohio

"Ikey"

"Excellence, when concealed, differs but little from buried worthlessness."—

—Horace

Buzzard (2,1); Class Baseball Team (3, 2); Santee.

A fat, chubby, pink-faced young lad from the wilds of Ohio. Has survived the rough life of the Navy for three and a half years, and is still an unsophisticated youth. Captures the fair ones with his winning smile, which has even a soothing effect on the wild nature of "Jam" Lowe. Is in love, but one would not think to look at him. Had a scrap second class year, broke a glass door and went blind in both eyes. Is somewhat "savoy;" startled his comrades and made the Steam Department look like thirty cents by making a 3.45 on a Steam Exam.

CLAUDE ALBERT BONVILLIAN — Houma, Louisiana

"Frogs," "Bon," "Frogène"

"You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar."—Shakespeare.

Buzzard (1).

A fat young Frenchman from Sugar Cane Parish, Louisiana. He couldn't get along with the English Department the first time he entered, but came back again and has managed to pull through. After coming to Annapolis and speaking English for a while he forgot how to spell his name. Had to send home for it before they would let him in. Makes mistakes sometimes. Backed a steam launch into the Santee wharf second class year, and all that he could say was, "Save the ship, Mr. Phelps, save the ship." The only damage done was to "Baldy" Graves' nerves and "Bon's" grease mark. Often gets excited and talks in ragtime, such as, "Well, I guess we pulled old Eli's tail today."

WILLIAM HARRIS BOOTH — Grove, Virginia

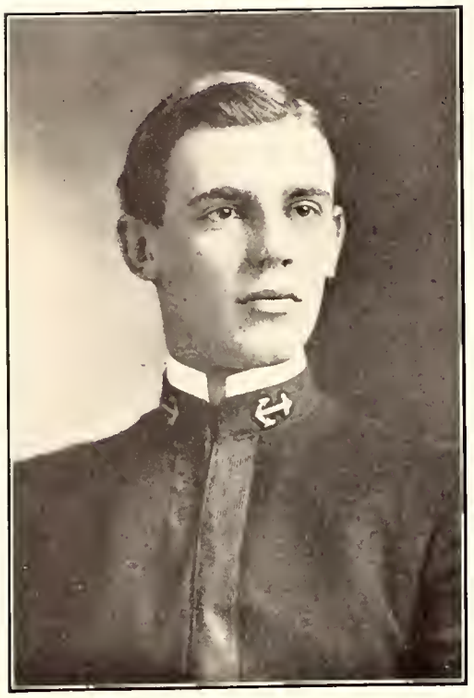
"Bummy," "Boots," "Buoy"

"On a rock-bound reef of Unbelief
There sat the wild Negation.
Then they sank once more and were washed ashore
At the Point of Interrogation."
—Oliver Herford

Buzzard (1); Study Party (4, 3, 2); Night owl (always).

A double-jointed grasshopper-actioned question mark from Virginia who has hysteresis of the mouth. Talks with a cross between a lisp and a mouthful of hot spuds. Runs several laps ahead of "Mose" on boning and learning marks. Learns all of his lessons by heart and then forgets the important parts. Underlines all the prepositions in his books to refresh his memory. Finds the bulletin boards a source of unending interest. Always talks shop to his friends, and once told a commissioned officer all about the Navy from the Booth standpoint. Charms his sections with his graceful attitudes and pleasing, intelligent expression. Deserves credit for his perseverance in getting through the Academy in the face of countless adversities.

"Buoy ho!" "Where away?" "Buoy!" "Can you make it out?" "Buoy, buoy!" "What is your name?" "Buoy!"



ROLAND MUNROE BRAINARD Annapolis, Maryland

"Rolando," "Cap"

"If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be"
—Anonymous.

"An honest man is always a child."
—Martial.

Two stripes; Crew (3, 2, 1); Lucky Bag Committee; Class Ring Committee; Captain Class Football (2); Green Lion; Fusser (4, 3, 2, 1); 'A worthy citizen of Annapolis."

First of all, he is a child; his joys are simple and his wants few. He is immensely pleased with a pretty color, and will laugh at anything, even his own bum jokes. When in a crowd, uses the most strenuous methods to provoke a laugh, descending to anything as long as the ladies think him funny. If seen any place other than in the Academy he would readily pass as a "son of toil" from the length of his beard and carelessness of attire. Made the choir first class year after three years of earnest efforts to become a member of that body. His knowledge of English literature is limited to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Panhandle Pete." Will talk for hours about the first crew if he can get a listener. "Now look 'a here, fellars."

ARTHUR LEROY BRISTOL, Jr.

Charleston, South Carolina

"Bris," "Roy"

"I would not be a rose upon the wall
A queen might stop at, near the palace door.'
—Browning.

One stripe (1); Class Football (2); Class Ring Committee.

A calm and easy going cavalier from the "Sunny South," but talks like a white man. Possesses a manner of serious reserve that convinces without a hearing. Does the hops and fusses in a mild way. Was chairman of the committee that arranged the famous South Carolina ball first class leave. Takes life almost seriously, but always ready for a lark. Member of Metcalf's all night sessions.

"I got a hunch."

GEORGE SLOAN BRYAN Scotland Neck, North Carolina

"Paddy," "Pat," "Billy," "Lengthy,"
"Paderewski"

"When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself:
Surely mortal man is a broom-stick."
—*Swift.*

Buzzard (1); Star (2).

Was deeply humiliated first class cruise by being taken for a coil of rope. Takes especial delight in exposing his two feet of neck from the top of a reg collar. Is one of the star attractions in the side show, being featured as the human wish bone. Has a crude smile that makes one feel as if something should be done to relieve such evident agony. Cuts the hops in order to bone, at which he is very successful. Possesses a sunshiny nature, however, that keeps him always happy. Like all true believers, has but one divinity, and that his Dutch "wife."

ROBERT WRIGHT CABANISS Birmingham, Alabama

"Cabby," "Bob," "Cabbages,"
"Handsome"

"Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau."

—Pope.

Two stripes; Buzzard (2); Crew (3, 2); Red N; Hop Committee; Pipe Committee; Farewell Ball Committee; Class German Committee; Captain Hustlers (1).

A typical southern gentleman and courtier. The subtle influence of his lady-like presence lends charm to any social gathering whether it be a hop or an afternoon meeting of the whist club. Is the founder of the Alpha chapter of the Fussers' League, and has been entitled by all the "main squeeze." Is partial to moonlight and dances most rapturously. His careless grace frequently leads him into trouble, and the third conduct grade handicaps him in the weekly race to teas. Combs his hair "á la Cobby," and has the opinion that he is irresistible.

STUART WILLIAM CAKE Pottsville, Pennsylvania

"Cookie"

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs."—Goldsmith.

Buzzard (1); Four buttons (1); Santee.

Sailing master and coxswain of the Pig Liver-Stiles combination of deep sea fishermen and salt air accumulators. Takes pictures all day by the light of the sun and develops them by moonlight in the Skinny building. His artistic talents show themselves in other outbreaks, as one discovers when the piano in Recreation Hall gives forth melodious thumpings after meals. Has composed several love ditties, among them, "Got'ur *gum*-shoes shined?" in Q flat, being a masterpiece often heard plebe year. Carries on a large and expensive correspondence on class paper and has the unhappy faculty of accumulating demerits in bunches of five or ten.

"Are *you* goin'?" (Translated from the Dutch.)

WILLIAM LOWNDES CALHOUN Palatka, Florida

"Whispering Willie," "Calliope Bill,"
"Cally"

"I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard."
—Browning.

Three stripes (1); Buzzard (2); Star (3); Whispered (4, 3, 2, 1)

The man with the voice. Has developed a wonderful voice from talking to alligators and explaining Mechanics to "Jakey" Fitch. He has a good nature with all his noise, and gets worried when he sees anybody "rhino." Would rather do anything than hurt a man's feelings. A savoir in books, but keeps his horse sense stowed away for important occasions. He is a great help to "wooden" men, and takes a fatherly interest in everybody in the Eleventh Company. Came to Annapolis direct from the Everglades, via Seaboard Air Line, and is slowly getting on to the ways of the world.

"Come on, fellers, let's give a yell."

LORENZ WILLIAM FRITZ CARSTEIN

Cambridge, Massachusetts

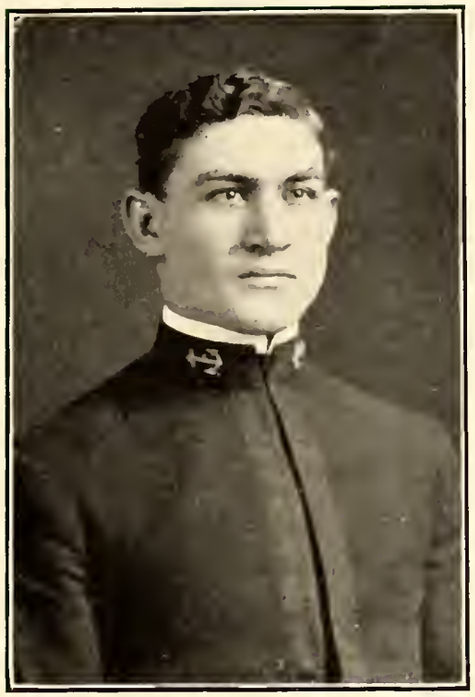
"Wiene," "Dutch," "Beersign"

"The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowzy strain,
Then pause and puff and speak, and pause again."
—Cowper.

Buzzard (1); Choir (2, 1).

A typical fat little Dutchman with a pronounced taste for sauerkraut and wurtzburger Smokes a long pipe and tells about what he's going to do when he goes to Germany. At the same time has a warm spot in his heart for Boston. Aspires to be a tennis player, but his short legs and general rotundity interfere with rapid movement. Never loses his temper and takes his joshing about "Gretchen" with perfect good nature.

"Just come up to Boston sometime and I'll ——" "How about it?"



LEWIS DEAN CAUSEY — Berwick, Mississippi

"Dean," "Mist' Dean," "Kay-det"

"Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature."

—Cowper.

Buzzard (1); Treasurer of the Midshipmen's Athletic Association (2); Crew (3, 2); Class Football Team (4); Hustlers (2); Football Team (1); Red N (3, 2); Yellow N (1).

"Mist' Dean" is as easy going as a bell cow, and as good natured as they make them. "Has the strength of Gibraltar," but doesn't look it on merely glancing at him. He talks on the style of a gentle breeze. Likes to talk about the good old corn shuckings he used to give to "de folks of de county." Was a school teacher, and is now taking a post-graduate course up here, expecting to return to his chosen calling in the near future. Lives with "Sluttsy," but as "Sluttsy" spends his evenings around at "Dad" Wright's drinking tea, Dean manages to get along all right.

"Mr. President, don't you recognize me?"

ALLAN J. CHANTRY, Jr. Malvern, Iowa

"Father," "Bill"

"List to the city's gaunt, thunderous roar
Calling and calling for you evermore."
"That unlettered, small-knowing soul."
—Shakespeare.

Four stripes (1); Star (4, 3, 2, 1); Class Football (2).

Like Cincinnatus, left the plough at his country's call. Since that day has served her cause well and stands at the end of his class—top end. Is blessed with a prodigious memory and never hesitates to use his savoir to help a "wooden" man. As a pastime loves to get into a sympathetic bunch and rhino—has opinions of his own. Unfortunately not blessed with keenness of vision but manages to read enough to bluff along. Is the right bower in the Nav. Department—"Ask Mr. Chantry." Chief haymaker's mate of the Newark.

"Aw, well, what's the diff—*see*!"

NED LEROY CHAPIN — Pasadena, California

"Ned," "Boardface"

"No beauty he, but oft we find
Sweet kernels 'neath a roughish rind."

One stripe (1); Class Track Team (4, 3, 2); Hustlers (1).

A pugilist from the land of oranges and canned cherries but who now thinks of taking out his naturalization papers in Maryland. Will stand up for anybody about anything, and on this account has been up against it hard on several occasions. Usually has a contusion of the countenance or a sprained fist from running into the wall after taps, but also plays football. Looks forward to hop nights and an occasional letter from the Patapsco order of Oreole sewing circle. A handy man at the track or Gym, and much admired by Matchew.

"Now, see hear!"

WILFRED EVERETT CLARKE Elizabethton, Tennessee

"Savez"

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?"
—Gay.

Buzzard (2, 1); Choir (4, 3, 2, 1).

Independent and quiet; with his brown hair most fetchingly ondulé. This may be natural, and seems to be, as no apparatus can be found in his room. Has a dulcet voice and sings in the choir. Sits behind the organ in order that his rich, mellow tones may add to its volume. Always has found a 2.5—too easy,—hence his nickname. Started life in the Navy by rooming with Scud, but found the pace too swift and took to the tall pines after a year's trial.

VESTAL PHELPS COFFIN — Boisé, Idaho

"Young Napoleon," "Doctor Wise"

"I have taken all knowledge to be my province."
—Bacon.

"I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain"
—Cowper.

Two stripes (1); Class Track Team (4); Santee (2); First Luff Greaser's Club (4, 3, 2, 1).

The doctor knows everything about everything. Recites like a spellbinder, while he explains his sketch and the meaning of his words with a six-foot pointer. Smokes large fat three-for-fives, which he asserts cost him four simaleons per month. "Scrubby's" running mate, and a shining light in Annapolis society. The power behind the throne in the Fourth Division. Wears wonderful patent leather shoes. Ran a phonograph on a four-weeks' endurance trial on the Nevada last summer, but had to stop before he broke it down, on account of strenuous objection by the Chief "Jimmy Legs."

"Yes, sir, I can explain that very lucidly, as I have read several books on the subject."

JULIAN HERBERT COLLINS Charleston, South Carolina

"Chi," "Scissors," "Colinski," "Julian,"
"The Vivacious Mr. Collins,"
"Collinskivitchenheimerstein"

"Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet doux:
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms."
—Pope

"Fryeth in her own grease."—Heywood.

Three stripes; Buzzard (2); Oiler (4, 3, 2, 1); South Carolina Ball Committee (1).

Used to be in the race with Aiken to see who would be the last man to formation, but "Chi" mended his ways. Has all the tact and "of cose he's a nice fellah, he's a cit'del man." Upon reaching formation grasps vizor between thumb and forefinger of right hand and places cap dexterously athwart his curly locks. While main mastman of the "Chesapeake" took frequent rides aloft on the head braces when he stoppered them alone. "In the phraseology of the sea," "Scissors" demands of his shipmate on board the Texas—"Was that you pokin' yo' haid out o' de windah down yonder?" Owns the original Wuzzle beast, built after the plan of Oom Paul's countenance.

"If a class ring is worth toe dollahs and etty-fo' cents, how many po'tions of fo'ce between two par'lel mirrs?" "Stretten yo' laigs!"

"Aye! Aye! Sir! Yes, sir!" (Salutes with both hands.)

JOHN FRANCIS CONNOR — Hamilton, Ohio

"Juan," "Jack"

"His cogitative faculties immersed
In cogibundity of cogitation."
—*Carey.*

"Choice word and measured phrase, above
the reach of ordinary men."
—*Wordsworth.*

Buzzard; Class Orator (4, 3, 2, 1).

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for the class of 1906 to have a class meeting, oratory reigns supreme. In the course of the weighty discussions no one spiel is more pleasantly anticipated than that in which "Juan" discusses the relative merits of "Peruna" and the subject of duty among midshipmen. Believes that in this class lies dormant fundamental sycroptigoræ of histrionic talent. · Bilged from the élite French section because big words in French are hard to pronounce. A man of splendid ideas, but has difficulty in making the instructor see his point.

"Mr. President, I think we are losing sight of the original motion." "Vouley vou algo de wheeters?"

HOLLIS MOSELY COOLEY — Ann Arbor, Michigan

"Moxie," "Dooley"

"Low, gurgling laughter, as sweet
As the swallow's song i' the South."
—Hayne.

Buzzard (1); Ladies' Man (4, 3, 2, 1).

A lady-like youth with a giggling laugh that would make a schoolgirl envious. Carries on the heaviest correspondence in the class and always the first on hand at mail time. Lived with "Rhino Bill" for three years without losing his optimistic outlook. Coxswained an automobile on leave, and ran over hearts with as much recklessness as on sailing parties in the spring. Slowed down the pace first class year, though, and now looks only for the blue letter with bold handwriting. Applied for duty on the Lakes to avoid the heart-breaking separation on going to sea.

"Now what do you think of that—Tee-h'-he-he!"

GARRETT KEENE DAVIS Georgetown, Kentucky

"Ike," "Hungry"

"Drink waters out of thine own cistern and running waters out of thine own well."
—Proverbs.

Buzzard (1); Santee (3).

Would have been a great aid in narrating the adventures of Marco Polo, as he believes the ocean a vast unknown expanse beyond the limits of the chart. Eats for the pure joy of eating; just to see the wheels go round. Brings in suspicious looking packages every Saturday night that make the watchmen sit up and take notice. Looks most striking in a bathing costume, especially if displayed at some prominent watering place. Makes any gathering more enjoyable by his presence because of a most exuberant spirit and inexhaustible fund of anecdote.

STEPHEN DECATUR, Jr. Portsmouth, New Hampshire

"Steve"

"Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs."
—Shakespeare.

Three stripes (1); Buzzard (2); Burial of Math and Skinny Committee (1); Star (3, 2).

The mouth-faced wonder. An infant with a wonderful mind, who can do anything mathematical except extract the square root of minus one, and says he can do that if he is given time. Knows positively all the secrets of all the femmes that have had the pleasure of meeting him. Though small of stature and large of head, his bright eyes and cunning grin make the ladies think that he is a wonder. Sits down, smokes a cigarette, plays a game of solitaire, learns the next day's lessons, and figures out our chances of winning next year's football games all at the same time. Vice-chief of Tammany Hall, Room 98, from which the Democratic hangout in New York gets its name.

"Dar's a gem'man down sta'rs what ain't got no card, but say his name is Mr. Kindergarten."

WALTER BOARDMAN DECKER

Montclair, New Jersey

"Charlie," "Deck," "Jack,"
"Bennie"

"Let me have audience for a word or two."
—Shakespeare.

"Swifter than the lightning flashes or the beam
That hastens on the pinions of the morn."
—Percival.

One stripe (1); Buzzard (2); Choir (4, 3, 2); Football (3, 2, 1); Track Team (4, 3, 2); Yellow N (3,1); Green N (4, 3, 2).

Charlie is a "frail youth," fleet of foot and likes to talk whenever he gets a chance. Has a large grease with "Uncle Ben." Came within a quarter of a second of the world's record in the low hurdles. According to the infallible Walter Camp he is the fastest quarterback on the bloody football field. The New York Herald depicts him as a wild "Wah Hoo" red man. Is a fusser when he finds a femme that spoons on him. Has a girl in every town in old Mosquito-land. Cut "Jakey" Fitch out on first-class cruise and now has an awful drag with one "Teddy." Roomed with Cake plebe year, and it was then that he developed his ability to argue on all subjects. Argued with "Frogs" for three days, trying to convince him that the B. & O. doesn't run through Newark. "I know for a fact that it doesn't, Frogs;" and that ended it.

"Judas Priest, man!"

HARVEY DELANO — Murphysboro, Illinois

"Dago," "Harvey," "Della,"
"Count"

"That aged ears play truant at his tales
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."
—Shakespeare.

Buzzard (1); Track (4, 3, 2, 1); Captain (1); Class Football (4, 3, 2, 1); Class Yell Committee.

A man of noble birth who has a handle to his name much sought after by aspiring mamas, and has already had several flattering proposals from mothers with attractive (?) daughters and still more attractive dots. Once broke a date with Eleanor Snodgrass. Has been voted a most successful caterer and has the thanks of hundreds of hungry middies who partook of his bountiful and inexpensive provision on the cruise of 1905. One of the Hartford twelve. Has most wondrous brown eyes into whose passionate depth one might fall and never touch bottom. Had his private car attached to the Black Diamond and was wrecked, the Count narrowly escaping death. One of Pat Doherty's warmest friends. Rooms with Robert and always has a handout for each and every aching void. Is a wonderful romancer and can outfoot Baron Münchausen. Hablas Español with a pure Castillian accent and was a protegé of Professor Cusachs. Plebes' terror.

"We'll make it all right with you, steward."

STEPHEN DOHERTY Shawneetown, Illinois

"Steve," "Pat," "Irish,"
"Dog Face"

"On his bold visage middle age
Had lightly pressed its signet sage."
—*Scott.*

Football (4, 3, 2, 1); Track (4, 3, 2); Buzzard (1); Class Color Committee; Yellow N; Green N; President of Midshipmen's Athletic Association (1); Wheelbarrow for medals (2).

One of the Navy's greatest athletes, and a man. Good natured from revielle till taps. The grand old man of the football squad. Is a true son of the Emerald Isle, and fights when Billy tells him how St. Patrick, when the hogs had killed all the snakes, turned them into Irishmen. Went to Washington to a track meet and captured a case of typhoid. Composes letters as if he were writing an emmanuensis. Listens with martyr-like composure to Harry Pence as he tells how the second crew won the race or how to increase his amount available. Is a devotee of the mule pictures in the comic sections on Sundays and *is said* to be director of a seminary.

MILO FREDERICK DRAEMEL — Fremont, Nebraska

"Milo," "Mush Face," "C L,"
"Venus," "Jimmy Legs"

"The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech."
—Holmes.

Three stripes (1); Class Football (4, 3, 2); Measles Training Table (3).

A tall and willowy representative of the Kuppenheimer system who wears a football jersey under his non-reg blouse. "I know it. Much obliged. Just as you say about that." Has the characteristic honk-honk laugh of the U. S. N. A. wash wagon. Once took the place of jimmy legs on the Holy Terror, and another time spilled something on Doug on the fo'c's'le of the Chesapeake—he still lives. Has a quick-return motion to his speech but uses it judiciously. Charter member of Pope Leo's turkish bath. Helped make the Texas cruise enjoyable by his modest "Oh, I know I'm wooden, and all that," "An' all you have to do is order it: chicken, aiggs, spuds, three kinds o' ways, etc."

"Yo sabo," "Such a good," "Sure, clubs are diamonds."

Yell: Venus—Venus—Venus de Milo
Draemel.

WHITFORD DRAKE Waltham, Massachusetts

"Duckie," "Duck," "Bill"

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."
—Cowper.

Three stripes (1); Buzzard (2); Star (4, 3, 2, 1); Lucky Bag Committee; Class Football (3, 2); Pipe Committee.

A solemn lookin' wise old owl from the land of pork and beans. Is particularly fortunate in being able to veil his face in expressions of profound thought and impenetrable wisdom. Is a navigator of note, being the first person to have circumnavigated Shelter Island in a market boat during the evening watch. Talks English almost as fluently as he does Boston, and works mechanic's gouges while you wait. Has a sister in several ports, and had a private boat's crew second class cruise. It was at that time that he became familiar with the dangers to navigation about Griswold House, and also perfected the wig-wag system of thought transmission.

HERBERT FRANKLIN EMERSON

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

"Emma," "Pelo-rubio"

"*In the name of the prophet—figs.*"

—*Smith.*

Buzzard (1); Newark (1); Keeper of the Wuzzlebeast (4, 3, 2, 1).

A droll humorist of a type of wit similar unto a book on ballistics. Used to belong to the original third company and still has a stock of *those* cigars on hand. Always has the latest news and is an aspirant to "our crowd." Can discuss anchors, boats and lines until blue in the face, and can even carry out a boat in an anchor. The only difficulty is in keeping the water out of the sailing launch when using the trunk. Once propounded a notice to be read in the mess hall, as follows: "Midshipman Emerson unfortunately has mislaid his pea jacket. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the above article will favor the owner by helping him in an attempt to recover it."

"Aw, well."

LAWRENCE MIDDLETON EWELL Baltimore, Maryland

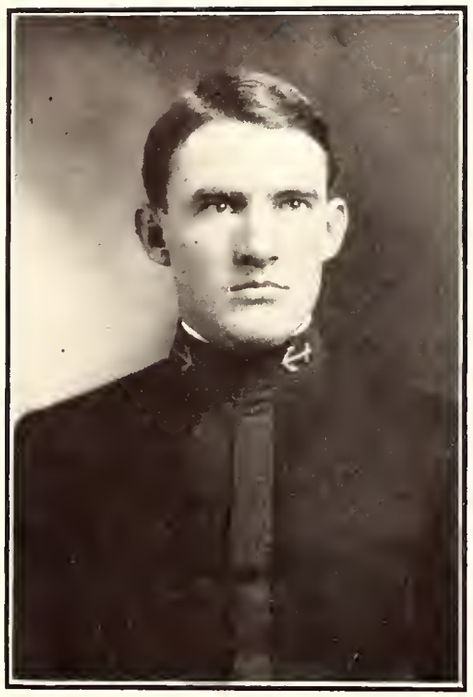
"Chop," "Choptank"

"And then to breakfast with what appetite you have."—Shakespeare.

"A lion among ladies is a dreadful thing."
—Shakespeare.

Two stripes; Manager Football (1); Green Lion; Santee; (2).

Hails from the mud-flats of the Choptank on the "Easte'n sho'." When making out his travelling expenses goes by way of Chicago and includes several items of $25 for incidentals. His handsome features and soft persuasive manners were previously exerted indiscriminately but recently have narrowed to but one vicinity. Holds all records (against time) for getting through exams. Jumped off on the Rockland breakwater, as the ships went by, to see his fair one. Made a hit with the coaching squad by his close attention to the duties of football manager. A strong exponent of realism, especially when describing mess-hall food.



PHILIP HENRY FIELD — Denver, Colorado

"Si," "Phil," "Bo," "Willie"

"*A moral, sensible and well-bred man.*"
—*Cowper.*

Two stripes (1); Farewell Ball Committee; Class Football (4, 3, 2); Baseball (3, 2); Class Yell Committee; Manager Track and Fencing Teams.

The Navy's dark horse. His silent, thoughtful reserve suggests awful possibilities. Is he or is he not? Seldom smiles, but when he does—ah, such a smile. It drowns the remembrance of the sordid common places of a monotonous existence in the feeling that you are experiencing a touch of the unreal, impossible. Is skipper of the good ship "Lithia," and a man of exemplary habits. Rooms with Red, upon whom he exercises a most beneficial influence.

"Rah, rah, rah, how proud we feel
Of our T. Booker T. Washington Field."

AUBREY WRAY FITCH St. Ignace, Michigan

"Jakey," "Polecat," "Kuppenheimer," "Obry"

"Then a soldier;
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel."
—Shakespeare.

Two stripes (1); Four buttons (1); Class Football (4, 3, 2, 1); Crew (4); Track (4); Boxing; Gym Team; Goat (4, 3, 2, 1).

A physical wreck who startled the country first class year with the announcement that he had refereed nineteen different disputes. Attained this great distinction by the reputation he made in athletic contests at the gym. Delights in displaying his entrancing form in any abbreviated costume. Greases with a persistency and determination that is appalling. Believes that all successful rough-housing must be accompanied by numerous casualties. Displays his embarassment when in the presence of a "lady fair" by stepping on her toes. Took an extended cruise on the good ship "Lithia" when he found he had a case of athletic heart.

"Obry, Obry, Gyroscope-Fitch."

FRANK JACK FLETCHER Marshalltown, Iowa

"Fletch," "Flap-Jack"

"You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry."
—Shakespeare.

Two stripes (1); Santee (2).

A strenuous son of the Middle West. Proud of Iowa's corn and hogs. Savez, but has has taken easy his four years of life with "Wid." Talks forcibly with both hands. Made a heavy bid for adjutant, but Cap. Kidd's shaped-to-order leggins finally distanced him. Though not a Y. M. C. A. man is a model youth. Has a sunny disposition and a hearty laugh, which once got him a thirty-day sentence. Had the pleasure of reading the order disrating himself. First cousin of the breech mechanism but doesn't savez it.

"Well, now, I'll tell yeh."

WORTH WRIGHT FOSTER New Albany, Indiana

"Labios," "Togo," "Ca-dink"

"Eureka—I have found it."—Byron.

Buzzard (1); Banner Committee; Inventor.

A solemn-visaged personage who possesses a deep voice and an intellectual expression. Is of an inventive turn of mind both in the section room and out of it. Once invented a war rose that nearly worked and almost became famous. Very conscientious and one of Tommy's standbys at formation. Never missed a breakfast formation without being ragged. A correct imitation of a Chinese mask. A regular attendant on "Murphy's" lectures in "Tammany Hall" even if he does not adhere to all his principles.

HERBERT JUSTICE FRENCH — Lancaster, Missouri

"Francois"

"Dost thou know what a hero is? Why, a hero is as much as one should say,—a hero!"
—Longfellow.

Buzzard (2); One stripe (1); Class Football Team (3, 2).

The original hero maker. Went skating youngster year, struck a blow hole, and made Bing Howe famous. Always has his hair brushed neatly, and is of a gentle disposition. Waltzes beautifully with "short, uneasy" motion. One of the class football team's invincible tackles. Disappointed because his name did not make more of a hit with the Language Department, but is somewhat mollified by the thought of the hit his face made with the ladies.

"French, French, parlez vous French!"

DOUGLAS WARDWELL FULLER Rockland, Maine

"Dug"

"Thou pendulum 'twixt a smile and a tear."
—Byron.

Buzzard (1).

A man with a countenance as stoic and expressionless as an Indian brave. Has an auriferous smile that he breaks out occasionally as a recognition of a good joke or a story well told. A true dark horse, who can fuss in a most sea-going manner, when on his native heath. Entertained the class of 1906 for two months of first class cruise. Had such a long leave last summer that he forgot he was a midshipman and thought he would have to take entrance exams to come back. Like all good scholars, loves his job and his teacher.

HENRY GRAFTON FULLER St. Johnsbury, Vermont

"Foolish," "Fond"

"There is a foolish corner even in the brains of a sage."—Aristotle.

Buzzard (2); Two stripes (1); Santee; Whist Club; Math and Skinny.

Our most famous bequest from 1905. One of the forty per cent, and can argufy all day on the "whichness of it." Walks like a windmill in distress, but gets there just the same. A faithful worshiper at the shrine of Tecumseh. Never breaks a regulation himself and never allows others to do so. A regular sea dog who has taken four cruises and is a paragon of efficiency. Believes in patronizing home industry. Has let the contract for his class ring.

ARTHUR ALTON GARCELON, Jr. Auburn, Maine

"Dutch," "Gas-long"

"A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."
—Shakespeare.

Chief Petty Officer (1).

Goo-goo, a handsome back-woodsman from the fog-lands of Maine. Possesses a babeian complexion of infinite variety. Has an affinity who thinks he's "just too nice for anything." Laughter like the tinkling waters of an anti-cyclone center in mid-ocean. Conscientious to a degree not appreciated by all—especially the Garcelon Boys. Fills the title rôle in a second battalion comic opera. Was once accused of having jumped ship from a Punch and Judy show, although the plebes like to bask in the sunny smiles of his benign countenance. An ex-Y. M. C. A. man and reformer.

"Damp hoopin."

ROBERT LEE GHORMLEY Moscow, Idaho

"Hawk Eye," "Eagle Beak," "Stone Face,"
"Hatchet Face," "Six Toes,"
"Polecat," "Papoose," "Cave-dweller,"
"Grumley," "So-boss," 'Moo Cow,"
"Hook-em Jersey"

"A cow is a very good animal in the field, but we turn her out of a garden."—Johnson

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Four stripes (1); Buzzard (2); Football Team (3, 2, 1); Class Football (4); Yellow N.

Possesses a complete vocabulary of nick-names donated largely by "the Navy." Left the diametral out of his body plan, finding it impossible to fair his lines. Powerful of build, and on account of his success on the field is thinking of joining the Nebraska crowd after graduation. With "Buoy" divides a powerful grease with the "King of the Polo Ponies." Chairman of "our crowd." Unless a person is alone with him can never tell who he is looking at. Bulled the Maine market first class cruise, but is now back inside the fence. Has an affectionate nature, as shown by his bear hugs. Lives with Mike.

"Watch out, you —— chump."

WILLIAM ALEXANDER GLASSFORD, Jr.

Las Vegas, New Mexico

"Wine," "Tubby," "Bill"

"How bright and fair that afternoon returns
When last we parted! Even now I feel
Its dewy freshness in my soul.'

—*Wilson.*

Brigade Adjutant; Buzzard (2); Christmas Card Committee; Crest Committee; Lucky Bag Committee; Class Football; German Leader

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An erstwhile fat man who ran up against a crew season awhile back and lost everything but his ankles. Was built for a soldier but descended to the job of adjutant of a web-footed brigade. An artist in temperament and a leader among ladies as is evinced by his frequent quadrantal deviation from "the one girl." Fell before the mystic charms at the start when ordered to "please tell me some Spanish, William," condescended to say "te amo." Again at a later day upheld the staff table in that far-away look, and voted for "Dearie" for the National air.

"Zip boom boom, Zip boom boom."

JEFFERSON BRISCOE GOLDMAN Goldman, Louisiana

"Emma," "Rachel Goldstien"

"Freckles make her heart grow fonder
Toward the other fellow."—Smith.

Buzzard (1); Third Crew (4); Santee.

A befreckled southerner, now making his second try for a sheepskin. Has a handy laugh, and is famous for his private brand of sugar-cane. Once thought he had found $\sqrt{-1}$, but woke up to find it an idle dream. Sleeps in a non-reg clothes bag. Tears his hair and raves when he recites in Steam. A Mormon in taste, who has had a different better-half each year.

"Gol-l-d-man, Gol-d-man, you no know dat, Gol-d-d-man."

RONAN CALISTUS GRADY

East Boston, Massachusetts

"Rosy," "O'Grady"

"'Tis much he dares;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety."—Shakespeare.

Two stripes (1); CLASS PRESIDENT; Football (4, 3, 2, 1); Yellow N; Crew (4); Pink Thirteen; Santee; Tribunal.

A man of strong likes and dislikes and nerve enough to assert them. Is usually right, and controls more votes in a class meeting by his simple direct arguments than a machine-made boss. Enjoys a good rough-house—the kind where two or three people are laid out and the furniture totally wrecked. Speaks in guarded phrases when in his room because of his proximity to the office. Keeps open house for all loafers and usually has a room full of celebrities. Rooms with the "Baron," with whom he loves to fight for the pure joy of fighting. Sings in a deep and thunderous monotone when extremely happy.

"Let's sing, Kirby."

CARROLL STEPHEN GRAVES Spokane, Washington

"Baldy," "Grives,"
"Carroll," "Gravees"

"For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope."
—Butler.

Buzzard (1); Orator (4, 3, 2, 1); Chief of Tammany (1).

"Baldy" is an orator second only to Demosthenes. Speaks on any and all subjects with a verbosity that is exhausting. Chief of Tammany Hall, where lie his chief interests and where he puts forth his ideas much to the delectation of "Boscoe," "Percy" and the others. Defies the theories of "Steve" and "Cy," and thereby derives much food for thought. Went to Yale sometime in the early part of the present century, but wishing some strenuous life, left the cherished walls of Old Eli and came to Annapolis. Since his arrival here has devised many profitable schemes with "Liz" Cox. When "Frogs" backed a steam launch into the Santee wharf, "Baldy" uttered for the first time that oft repeated phrase, "Even the cold waters of the Severn had attractions for me at that moment."

"Personally, I don't give a ——."

WILLIAM ALDEN HALL Easton, Massachusetts

"Alden," "Doble-oo-ah," "Bull"

"His smile was prodigal of summery shine,—
Gayly persistent,—like a morn in June."
—Preston.

Buzzard (1); Baseball (3); Manager Crew (2); Board of Governors; Santee (3); Assistant Business Manager Lucky Bag.

A representative from old New England who believes the Navy a haven of rest to which only the weary in body and spirit should come. Has had a varied experience as manager, and is now prepared to tackle anything from a Charity Bazar to a Christmas celebration. Is not especially strenuous in his labors, and always thinks he's soaked. Delights in blocking the view from the receiving stand at the hops. Believed to be the original of "the smile that won't come off"—perhaps due to the fact that he is one of the governors.

WALCOTT ELLSWORTH HALL Lowell, Massachusetts

"Mula," "Maud"

"And I pray you let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."—Shakespeare.

Buzzard (1); Santee (3).

A Massachusetts bean-eater, with an animated countenance, when in quest of a fume, or a sleep. Has braved the honors of Cap's neatness for three years, with only one falling out, when Mula had a soirée, after Cap had spent two days with sand paper in polishing up. Tammany Brave. One of the easy-going people, who never worries. Generally has a 2.5, or prospects of one. Old time friend of Bradley J. A clubman, who makes a rare dash into society, when chaperoned by his wife.

ROBERT LOCKE HARTER Winfield, Kansas

"Bob," "Handsome," "Gibson,"
"Toots"

"Cookery is become an art, a noble science; cooks are gentlemen."—Burton.

Buzzard (1); Handsome (4, 3, 2, 1); Steam turbine fiend.

This much we know—he is from Kansas and an inventor of a reversible turbine. A handsome chap not much given to the ladies, but came back from first class leave two weeks ahead of time (to coach the football team). As a chafing dish artist he has no equal and his room is a rendezvous for Middies of epicurean tastes.

Every day just after drill
All his friends do flock
Into Handsome Bobbie's room
Just to sample stock.

First a cup of chocolate
Then a lobster á la New,
Then some good stiff liquid,
Count Delano's own brew.

Then the day's fool gossip,
Now a good long smoke,
Here we rise to toast him
The gods' blessings to invoke.

Was a member of the cutting-out party that raided Marshall Hall.

CHARLES CONWAY HARTIGAN Norwich, New York

"Happy," "Mike," "Hooligan"

"O blest with temper whose unclouded ray,
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."
—Pope.

Buzzard (1); Manager Baseball Team (2); Pink Thirteen; Happy (4, 3, 2, 1).

A jolly, good-natured Irishman with a New York accent and Fifth-avenue habits. Always ready for a good time and thoroughly knows how to enjoy one. Has the one and only up-to-date horse laugh. Is unanimously elected whenever a goat is necessary. Was often disturbed in his slumbers plebe year for a gentle run on the bank. Showed his real genius as a manager by managing the captain of the baseball team coming back from West Point game. The frequency with which he falls in love is only equalled by the intensity of his devotion at each succeeding attack. Roomed with Newton for four years from whom he appropriated many of his butterfly traits.

WILLIAM PARSONS HAYES Louisville, Kentucky

"Bill," "Rhino Bill"

"I know
The past, and thence I will assay to glean
A warning for the future, so that man
May profit by his errors, and derive
Experience from his folly."—Shelley.

Buzzard (1); Touge (4, 3, 2, 1); Santee (3, 2); Rate Tribunal; Pink S.

Ex-football player, track man and pugilist. Became tired of training grub while at college but now lives on mess hall fare. Used to be so touge that he would just as leave French—if he were not so near the limit—as fight. Now, however, having reached years of discretion is content simply to strike his "gate" of an afternoon in search of exercise. A man who would rhino by the hour if listened to, and on that account is not appreciated by many. A savoir in a quiet way, and has almost reformed his wife. Believes some of the tales he himself tells, and can handle a chair or a soup plate in a crowd like a true New York artist.

"I'll tell you how it was."

ANDREW SAMUEL HICKEY

Kingston-on-Hudson, New York

"Hick," "Batty Bill"

"Wisely and slow;
They stumble that run fast."
—Shakespeare.

Two stripes (1); Three stripes (1); Class Football (4); N 2d (3); Banner Committee.

An encyclopedia from New York with a patent throat that only works half the time. Got three stripes and has never found out what to do with them. Says "w'y" and "w'en" for why and when. Never preserves his ideas but lets everybody in on them. Has his letters on the cruise addressed with his complete title and to about four places so that they will surely reach him. Has a painful voice, and though he sings with a quaver and expression a master would envy, he could start a farm with the offerings his singing would bring on the stage. Was caterer first class cruise and provided his best dinner after everybody changed ships. One of the forty per cent.

"Hully Gee!"

DOUGLAS LEGATE HOWARD Annapolis, Maryland

"Dug," "Deglas"

"A man who's not afraid to say his say,
Though a whole town's against him."
—Longfellow.

Three stripes (1); Football Team (4, 3, 2, 1); Captain (1); Yellow N; Class Color Committee.

A slow-speaking representative of Crabtown-on-the-Spa, who nevertheless resents the suggestion that he has a crabwise gait. A handsome man who never (?) fusses near home but makes up for lost time on the cruise. Visited the Mohican youngster cruise. Prehistorically he was the president of the Red Mike Club, but like others possessed of stone hearts has almost succumbed. Is learning to dance preparatory to the class German and still *swears* that his class ring was made for his little finger by accident. Can say more in less words in a greater length of time than John Henry can say less in more words at any time when not asleep. Has long arguments with "the Navy" as to who led which astray. Has never yet been bluffed by anybody, and usually gains his point in class meetings.

William Bingham Howe Spearfish, South Dakota

"Bing," "Hoh-wee"

"That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one."—Johnson.

Buzzard (1); Class Football (4, 3); Bridge Club.

The luckiest man in the class. Whenever he is broke calls in his friends for an all night session. Roomed with Dug Fuller, and they had for their motto: "Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here." Has to shave twice a day and is an easy mark for the razor manufacturers. Recites with the fluency of a Roman candle, but does not always mean what he says. In Topsy Turvy Land would star. Had everybody bluffed plebe year because he made the record strength test, but did not use Mellin's Food so could not keep it. Made a hero of himself on the ice youngster winter and received a commendation for helping a midshipman French out. Acts as Gabriel for Dug Howard in section room.

RALEIGH EDWARD HUGHES Portland, Oregon

"Navy," "Oraygan"

"A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain."
—Shakespeare.

Buzzard (1); Baseball (4, 3, 2); White N; First P. O. Diptheria Squid.

A Portland Oregonian who believes there is no place like home and no state like Orégon. An inventor in the steam department and a pitcher pointer in "Leo's" turkish bath. Can outyarn anybody on the corridor, even Count De Lano and the Texas strong man. Has had hard luck from a 2.48 in Nav. to chicken pox, and didn't get a chance in baseball. Saved the Navy's honor May, 1904. Red Mike calls him a leather neck, chuckle-headed——; but the rest of us know better. Got the tea in the wrong cup on the Texas, but managed to live long enough to help make life miserable for "mush-face."

"Where are you from, Mr. Hughes?"

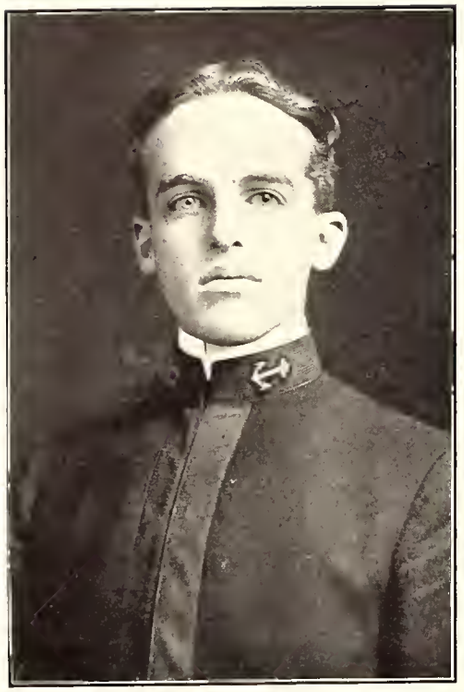
"Orégon."

"I thought so."

When reciting does the eye wink slow and rise on toes.

"Climb on and let me know when you're on."

"Ya-as."



WALTER FREDERICK JACOBS Danielson, Connecticut

"Jakey"

"Across the starlight stream they steal,
Without one uttered word."
—Talmage.

Buzzard (1); Board of Governors; Santee.

A passive sort of a chap but manages to make his presence known once in a while. Class perfumer, having helped take care of the goat at Princeton, but did not exhibit a very animated animal. Loves the locality about Annapolis so much that he has stayed here for five years. Has a brace like a ham sandwich and walks about like a man in the last stages of old age. Figures about a ten per cent augmentation on September leave by having the cruise itinerary go by Connecticut.

HENRY MARTIN JENSEN Benson, Minnesota

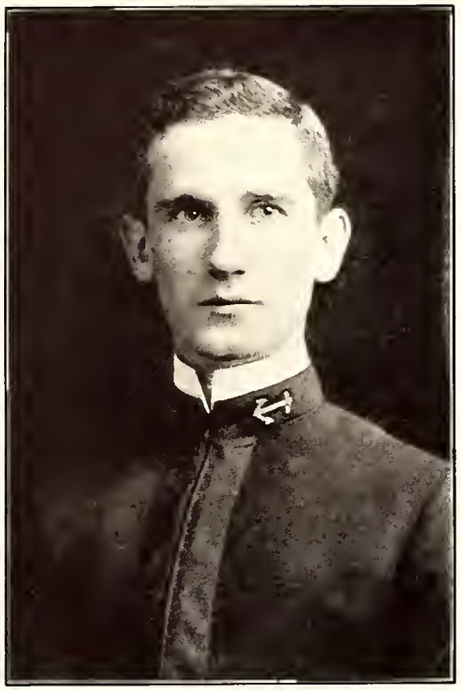
"Hans," "Heime," "Skiwege"

"Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still."
—Young.

Three stripes—four buttons (1); Crew (4, 3, 2); Red N; Star (2, 1); Class Football.

A steady sort of a fellow who wore the white hat in the crew races that always crossed the line first. Claims to have had a cinch rowing next to "Mis' Dean." Once started out to make a call but lost his nerve half way. Is supposed to be an American, but comes from Minnesota. Now that Norway and Sweden have quieted down he feels much relieved. Puts his Morris chair in front of his bookshelf and after a few glances at the latter article of furniture, accumulates a lesson while reading a magazine. Likes to rough-house "Chubby," and still sticks up for the first company. Makes a hilarious mate for his wife Josephine, to whose steady habits he owes his peace of mind.

"Hansen, Hansen, I ban tanken,
If yu'd stop a radin buks,
* * * * * * "



HAROLD JONES — Greensboro, Alabama

"Reddy," "Parson," "Pelas"

"A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her variegated hair."—McNutt.

Buzzard (1); Class Baseball Team (3, 2).

A patriotic youth with bunches of red, white and blue hair scattered around under his cap. A touching advertisement of Professor Cheveux's hair dye. Headlight of the twelfth company. The parson likes a quiet game on Friday night with the old-time gang, but has lately turned to other fields to pluck two-fives from the fast-dying bushes, and to cut down "trees." Cheers up on rare occasions and makes goo-goo eyes at the "femmes." Sighs for sunny Alabama where the corn and sweet potatoes grow, as this strenuous life in the Navy is getting the best of his good nature.

GEORGE FREDERICK KEENE, Jr. Howard, Rhode Island

"Georgie," "Foxhall"

"The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back
His sense of your great merit."
—Cowper.

Buzzard (1); Class Supper Committee; Football (4); Pink Thirteen; Santee; Math and Skinny.

A large, dashing youth from the land of the broad *a*. Firmly believes and stoutly maintains that his native state makes up in quality what it lacks in size. Has an insatiable thirst for Kipling, whom he quotes on all occasions. Has learned to talk baby talk from his forty per cent roommate. Thinks he was soaked first class year (1) by being transferred to the first battalion, (2) by being made a first P.O., (3) by having the distinction of rooming with "Buoy." Had the honor of being package boy for the Lucky Bag Committee. Can fuss most strenuously when occasion affords. Is a good mixer, and when highly pleased will frighten everyone for miles around by his explosive laugh.

"Well, say!"

HERNDON BROWNING KELLY — Lebanon, Kentucky

"Buckskin," "Brainy Joe," "Carreta,"
"Kelly," "Kentucky Ash"

"And gentle Dullness ever loves a joke."
—Pope.

Buzzard (1); Baseball (4); Night Study Party (4, 3, 2).

A unit of knowledge who would stand one if puns were good recitations. Never known to fail when a chance for a joke arises, and puts up so poor a quality then that the unititiated wonders how he has so many birthdays. One of "our crowd" and a social light who would be a leader if he could stay awake. Looks like a headless man when he gets on one of Bellis's own. Has characteristics similar to several of the most popular of our instructors.

"Turn the mules in. Then by this system of bell crank levers and spur wheels the oscilation is sufficiently modified!"

"Right!"

ISAAC CAMPBELL KIDD — Cleveland, Ohio

"Cap"

"Gazed around them to the left and right
With the prophetic eye of appetite."
—Byron.

Battalion Adjutant (1); Full dinner pail.

A fat blond with an appetite. His emblem is the meal pennant and three-repeater hoisted in the most conspicuous place. Fasted to reduce weight first class year, but claims he did it on a bet. Has a striking figure and a sweet-toned voice that won him the adjutantcy of the second battalion. Adviser of all the three-stripers and aide to the O. C. Rooms with Mula in close proximity to Tammany Hall, but in spite of such influences is not contaminated. Born to command and captain of the all-biscuit team.

HARRY GARD KNOX — Greenville, Ohio

"Harrigard," "Captain Konx," "Doc"

"Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart."
—Shakespeare.

Five stripes (1); Buzzard (2); Star (4, 2, 1); Greaser (4, 3, 2, 1); Y. M. C. A.; President Y. M. C. A. (1); Fencing Team (3, 2, 1); Captain Fencing Team (2); Lucky Bag Committee; Gray N*; Christmas Card Committee; Hit the ship (4, 3, 2).

A true savoir who is going to have his name attached to a treatise on Navigation. A man of determined beliefs, and one possessing the strength of his convictions. Had the honor of being captain of the fencing team that won the intercollegiate trophy. Entered the Navy because of a great disappointment in an early love affair. Has completely mastered himself, however, and now appears perfectly indifferent to all feminine charms. Possesses a heavy but inoffensive grease, and wears five stripes because he rated them. Shows that it is possible to belong to the Y. M. C. A. and still be a "good fellow."

"March off in column of squads, there!"

GEORGE ERNEST LAKE Evanston, Illinois

"George," "Rube," "Neptune"

"Never elated while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected while another's blessed."
—Pope.

Buzzard (1); Class Football (4); Class March Committee; Santee (3).

An honest man from a prohibition city who could not be bribed into signing the pledge because he is always on the water wagon. Has an affectionate disposition and is in love with Leigh. Acquired his nickname by heritage and not because he has followed the plow. Quite a song bird and furnishes the top notes of most of the "barber shop" outside of the choir. With Kirby, forms the Chicago entertainment committee for Scud and Tommy Lew on their way back from leave. Can be trusted with anybody's money but not with their meal ticket.

WALTER WILLIAM LORSHBOUGH Fargo, North Dakota

"Madame," "Bill," "Lostboy"

"I can not tell what the dickens his name is."
—Shakespeare.

"The deepest rivers make least din,
The silent soule doth most abound in care."
—Earl of Sterling.

Three stripes (1).

Speaking of the land of blizzards and cyclones, this fair child comes from some place out near that cactus plant by the water tank in the alkali. Has a name that he uses for a freize around the blackboard, the rest of the boards being used to contain the details of construction of a long arm controller or a crank effort curve in the C. G. S. system. Is almost naturally savez and can spiel by the hour, yard or ton. A modest youth of small voice and inoffensive though persistent laugh, and who makes most of his gestures with his head.

ROBERT VIVIAN LOWE Brooklyn, New York

"Jam-face," "Jam"

"Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but—for the music."
—McShivers.

Class Baseball Team (2); Santee.

It has not been decided whether he got the name "Jam-face" from the likeness his face bears to a pot of jam or a door jamb, but howsoever he is a terrible man, and the plebes have a horror for his eagle eye and lubricated tongue. He has a rare variety of wit, and a laugh like the ripping of a main topsail. Hangs around Tammany Hall and talks over old times of when he was in the Chicago ring and how he elected Hinkey Dink alderman of the First Ward seven consecutive times. He was John J. Corbett's second in his first fight, and advised Dick Croker to move to Ireland. But withal he is kind to his friends, doesn't care whether school keeps or not. "Bats" things or "busts," according to how he feels or how he "likes his teacher."

ROY LEIGHTON LOWMAN Johnstown, Pennsylvania

"Joe," "Holy Joe," "Josephine,"
"Rowena"

"Aye me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall!"
—Spencer.

First petty officer (1); Star (2, 1); Class Secretary; Class Football (4, 3, 2).

Lived at the time of the flood in the coal lands of the Pennsylvania Dutch, but has since been transported to the seashore to be made into a sailor. When young and indiscreet used to refuse to hold converse with members of the fair sex, but now, having reached years of discretion, can discuss a "princess mull creation" like a French dressmaker, and is a confirmed spoonoid and hop dancer. Sometimes has difficulty in expressing himself in the section room, but *will* say things when "Slippery" or the dagoes become sarcastic. Has changed in many ways in four years but still has nerve enough to stick up for what he thinks is right.

JOHN SIDNEY MCCAIN Carrollton, Mississippi

"Mac," "Lentz," "Lentsey,"
"Bucket Shop"

"That power which erring men call chance."
—Milton.

Buzzard (1); Tribunal; Santee.

The skeleton in the family closet of 1906. A living example of the beneficial course of physical training at the N. A., having gained 1¾ ounces since he entered. A man of exemplary habits which make him very popular, his "den" having been a favorite resort for "all hands" ever since the days of plebe rough-houses. Laughs with an open-face movement that reminds one of the Luray Cane. Furnishes all kinds of innocent amusements for the children. A Mississippi watermelon who would make a good floor manager at a hop. Out for the class banner.

RAY STRAITH MCDONALD Grafton, North Dakota

"Mac"

"It is sometimes expedient to forget what you know."—Syrus.

Buzzard (2, 1).

A human fountain of knowledge. Knows all about everything and can tell you just how it works. Has the foxiest walk in the class and ambles along with a breezy parallel motion that is the envy of his fellows. Gets a grease with everybody on his child-like and guileless expression. The Navy needed him so badly that he was allowed to enter a month late. Loves the salt sea air, especially when it is a cross sea, and likes to watch the dancing spray when he thinks the spud locker won't be lonesome without him.

CHARLES STOKELY MCWHORTER Woodville, Georgia

"Mac," "Squirter"

"They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad."—Shakespeare.

Buzzard (1); Baseball (4, 3, 2); White N.

A small man with a wee small voice, a penetrating chin, and a sharp intellect. A famous Georgia shortstop, who once had a job sprinkling streets in Woodville. Originator of new sailing rules, whereby all ships carry red lights only. Has made more horrible stabs without being arrested than any man in the class. Once invented a breech mechanism with two breech plugs in one gun, but could not get a patent. Most magnanimous in thought and speech, even agreeing with his instructors that a monitor's period is twenty one seconds.

"Yes, sir, I've looked at the lesson. Yes sir–er–er—I mean, no sir–er, I think,—that is—not exactly, sir—but almost—well, of course approximately, yes, sir–er—leaving out the down takes and tubes."

WILSON EARLS MADDEN — Crockett, Texas

"Pete"

"Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster child of silence and slow time."
—Keats.

Buzzard (1); Rifle team.

A seaman of the days of men in iron ships who has wonderful ideas on the shapes of anchors—patent and otherwise—and problems in seamanship. Once said three words without being put through the inquisition, but soon withdrew into his shell for another "period." Has thawed out somewhat during the cold winter weather. Has been very successful in his search for spots about the grounds where the declination of the moon is a maximum. Is the soul of patience, and when he raises his master's voice in lofty eloquence can be heard across the room.

MATTHIAS EVANS MANLY Newbern, North Carolina

"Hoot," "Matt"

"Now the soft hour of walking comes, for him
who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
with Nature."—Thomson.

Buzzard (1); Lucky Bag Committee (1); Green Lion; Santee (3); Non-Reg Track Team (2).

Envied by many for being from North Carolina. A good-looking, jolly chap, who rarely puts his gifts into use in social circles; when he does, look out, you fussers. Has a holy horror of the fair sex, and the Muse of the Dance. Once got up his nerve but pulled the list at the last minute. His histrionic talents were to have made him soubrette in the class show. Did Baltimore, with Archie Stirling, for two weeks of October. A famous man who holds down a full page in the "Miscellaneous." Supplied a large part of the crank effort for the Lucky Bag spiel machine. Track man and bridge fiend.

Manly's formula for Struts on Ties:

$D=\frac{Nd}{5280}(tx+1)$.

Where D=dist. to Baltimore, N=number of ties, d=mean distance between ties, in ft., t=temperature at 4 A. M., X=score of football game.

"2.69 in Math. For Gosh sakes!"

RICHARD RAY MANN Washington, District of Columbia
"Dick"

"And torture one poor word ten thousand ways."
—Dryden.

Buzzard (1); Class Supper Committee; Math and Skinny; Bluff (4, 3, 2, 1).

A super-talkative, hard-luck member possessed of a never-understood flow of language in recitation. Takes aboard that pained expression when stalled for air in a chalk dust race. Once put sixty-seven flags on the board and deduced a 3.6; found three more busts and figured on a 3.8. Possessed of original ideas of boiler tests. "Read the gauge as the boiler bursts; this is the limit of working pressure." A fortune-teller by the aid of La Planchette, and has a large stock of fair ones from the Capitol. "Buck" once called his bluff but he soon recovered. Full of ideas on a variety of subjects and talks with a quaint Southern disregard for useless syllables.

"Dat's what de book says."

PETTERSON BARTO MARZONI Pensacola, Florida

"Dago," "Pet," "Marconi"

"Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge."—Lowell.

"Who goeth a-borrowing, goeth a-sorrowing."
—Gussar.

Brigade S. P. O. (1); Class Yell Committee; Fencing (4, 3); President of the 40 per cent Club (1).

Enjoys the distinction of having had the longest name in the class plebe year. Good natured and playful as a kitten, with a most contagious laugh. A veritable water fowl, averse to eating fat. Had a wonderful time first class leave, and hasn't gotten over it yet. Won Buck's heart by his tougeness. Spiels off Spanish as only a Dago can. Of an adaptable disposition, having lived with Archie and Choke. Always goes stag to the hop to get his three dances. Goes to breakfast Sundays only. Was next in line after Brad, Skip and Billy, but a timely graduation saved him.

CLAUDE BANKS MAYO — Columbus, Mississippi

"Ditty Box," "Dit"

"He was a good man, and a just."
—Anonymous.

Buzzard (1); Vice-president Y. M. C. A. (2); Editor "Reef Points;" Track.

A southern gentleman from the banks of the Yazoo, or thereabouts, possessing a gentle spirit and an untamable earnestness in the doing of good. Unfortunate in his choice of Nav. marks second class year, but managed to Plug sat during September. A Y. M. C. A. man, and is responsible for the editing of "Reef Points." Accumulated a rectangular nickname from his Steam recitations. Doesn't like the phraseology of Hourigan and finds that when running free it is always advisable to brace abox the spanker.

"Square head, ditty box,
Two five, chicken-pox,
Mayo."

VICTOR NICHOLSON METCALF Oakland, California

"Vic," "Met," "Vance," "Fuzzy"

"Ye gods! Annihilate but space and time
And make two lovers happy."—Pope.

Buzzard (1); Class Football (4); Football (3); Yellow N.

The class married man and bower anchor. Wears his knit cap on the back of his head to display his beautiful flaxen curls. Very lazy, and never does anything of his own accord except eat and play bridge. An authority on Elwell but shaky on Alger and Barton. An associate editor of a fourty-two page daily and sits up till the wee small hours doing his editorial work. Has to have a special car for his mail, which consists of young express packages with eight cents and a special delivery stamp on them, not counting registration. Charter member of the Nebraska stock farm. Goes on the excused list regularly on October 1st.

ARTHUR CHRISTIAN MEYERS St. Louis, Missouri

"A. C.," "Christian"

"O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength,
but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."
—Shakespeare.

Buzzard (1); Second Crew (2); Y. M. C. A.

A broad, husky, blonde Dutchman with the roses of St. Louis blooming in his cheek. When he entered, was one of the little boys, now a famous monstrosity and strong man. Always greets you with the smile that won't come off. Wears a fifty-calibre ring. Has a jaw like a truncated cone, which can dish out a hot line of talk to plebes. Recites right off the bat, and won't let an instructor butt in. Savez in fits and starts.

JOHN PAUL MILLER — Lancaster, Kentucky

"John Paul," "J. P." "Priqué"

"And the bright faces of my young companions
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more."
—Longfellow.

Three stripes (1); Buzzard (2); Star (4, 3, 2, 1).

A "Kaydet" from Kentucky. A real Kentucky colonel with a grim visage and the makings of the whiskers. Graduated from college, but made the authorities believe he was under twenty when he entered, but he really has voted for two presidents. Very savez but hates to work and never bones. Runs Cy Barker a close race for the position of chief rhino in the N. A. Never satisfied with anything except leave. Always sits in the "amen" corner in chapel and enjoys a good rest.

DONALD PETTIT MORRISON

Washington, District of Columbia

"Don"

"Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth."
—Longfellow.

Buzzard (1); One stripe (1); Lucky Bag Committee; Christmas Card Committee; Santee.

Long, lean and lanky from long walks on liberty days. Used to take voyages before all the most important hops, but kept his grease, anyway. Gray hairs has he in plenty, because, owing to his extreme youth plebe year he could not "Dodge" temptation. Enjoys going to chapel so much that he sat in front of the old chapel one Saturday night till the last dance, and then wondered why everybody was leaving the hop so early. Laughs in chunks. One of the third floor bunch with all their habits, but did not bilge. Used to go swimming in his best service uniform with Leigh and Kirby. Is never found wanting.

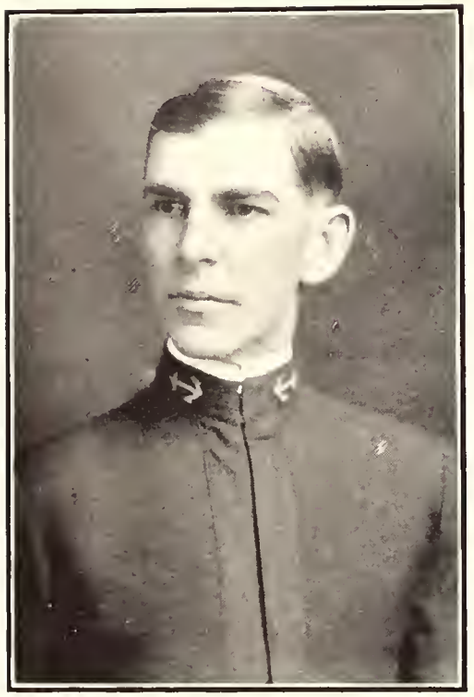
EDWARD SEABRING MOSES — New York, New York

"Mose," "Cleopatra"

"I am a peevish student, I;
My star is gone from yonder sky,
I think it went so high at first
That it just went and gone and burst."
—Anon.

Star (4); Buzzard (1).

A New York southerner with a diffident manner and a tearful expression, who keeps from being hungry by trying to shorten the length of his fingers. Keeps informed as to the rank, standing, marks and monthly, term and yearly averages of every man in the class so that he can recite them without prompting. Called on the Commandant's cook youngster year and was ragged. Has the biggest knowledge thirst in the class and works during recreation hours to satiate it. Tried to tame Wallace for one year but failed and nearly broke his own spirit.



WILLIAM FLEWELLEN NEWTON Athens, Georgia

"John-Henry," "John,"
"Frogwilliam," "Ikey"

"I saw and loved."—Gibbon.

"That boy with the grave mathematical look."
—Holmes.

Buzzard (1); Forty per cent; Pink Thirteen; Santee.

Our most celebrated combination of topsy-turvy trouble and amusement and scatter-brained good luck. Never without three girls for a hop, four to be in love with and a date with the rest. Everybody in the town knows him by his title "John-Henry," and all his intimates know at what time to expect him for a seven-o'clock dinner. Always in a hurry except at study call, and always has both legs in a sling. Was not always of rugged constitution and had to drown his troubles by hitting the list when more than two showed up for the same dance. One of the telephone fiends and a rag-time talker on all technical subjects. Makes out hop cards in the back of his mechanics book and puts letters within letters to outdo those old lady school teachers. A precocious youth who attained the presidency of the Foreign Juvenile Missionary Society before he reformed, but who now looks for drain plugs in torpedo tops and strikes the bell eight. Bones to the time of "Good bye, My Lady Love; Good bye My Turtle Dove," and carries as his motto, "Well, I may be crazy, but I ain't no fool."

LEIGH NOYES — St. Johnsbury, Vermont

"Leigh," "Noisy," "No-yes"

"Seared is, of course, my heart, but unsubdued
Is, and ever shall be, my appetite."—Cattersly.

Three stripes (1); Four Buttons (1); Star (4); Class Football (4, 3); Ring Committee; Farewell Ball Committee; German Committee; Santee.

Born so young that he had to begin life at an early age. This accounts for his innocent ways and "Pink 13" habits. A strong fusser and ladies' man. Has a pleasing way and confidential manner that never fail to captivate the fair ones within fifteen minutes of introduction. McWhorter went wrong trying to reform him and got the credit for leading him astray. Has the most prodigious appetite in the class, even being sometimes called a "human ostrich," but declares he only eats very slowly and thus creates a wrong impression. Made a great hit at the first company's ball in a stunning décolleté princesse creation. Stood well in the Ordnance Department. Got three stripes because someone said: "Leigh, if you don't get three stripes I'll never speak to you again."

"Say, fellows, have you seen those water-tight gratings?"

JAMES PURDUE OLDING — Carson City, Nevada

"Olds"

"*A life of sober week days, with a solemn Sabbath at their close.*"—*Anonymous.*

Buzzard (1); Track Team (2); Class Relay Team.

A silent recluse from the land of free silver. Spends most of his time puffing an old pipe and writing letters. This habit may explain the absence of all desire to mix with the bunch. Resents borrowing in any form, especially in the line of clothing. Holds aloof from all gatherings, desiring rather to be one of the innocent bystanders than one of the crowd. Possesses a sad, restful smile that he springs when deeply grieved or greatly amused. All other methods of expressing emotion are entirely wanting.

HARRY LANGLEY PENCE — Columbus, Ohio

"Pensive Harry"

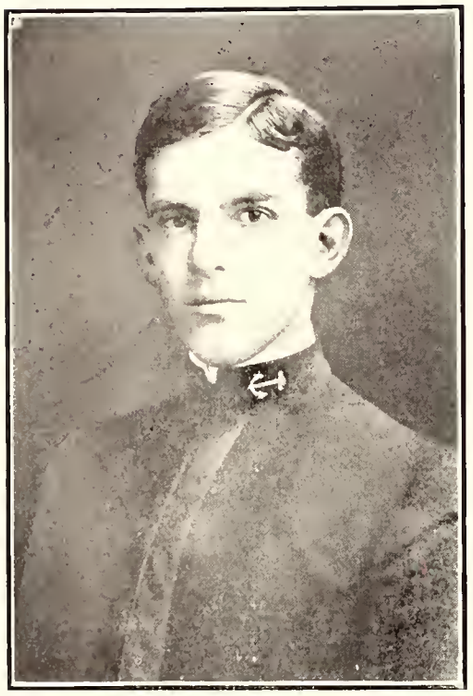
"His wit beneath its homely thatch
Aspired to something higher."
—Trowbridge.

"A pin a day's a groat a year."
—Franklin.

Buzzard (1); Class Football (4, 3, 2); Crew (3, 2); Night Study Party (4, 3, 2); Choir (4, 3).

Has been almost bilging ever since that eventful day when a special to the Hillsboro Pencerian announced the triumph of our fellow citizen—"Ohio adds another star to her country's cause, etc." Worked overtime on leave to regain his health for the ensuing academic year, and towards the end of the time longed for even one week more to completely captivate her. Gives "the grand old man" a crew spiel—or how I saved myself for the race—once in a while but since Steve has taken to paddling Harry sticks to the land. Knows the price of pencils and always has an amount available. Gets off jokes of the bygone ages, but is not usually bumped for his trouble. Wholesale dealer in photographs.

"By grabb."



FRED MILTON PERKINS — Salem, Oregon

"Widow," "Perk"

"Youth comes but once in a lifetime."
—Longfellow.

Buzzard (1); Class Color Committee; Socker Squad (1); President Anti-cigarette League of Oregon (6, 5), of U. S. N. A. Cigarette Club (4, 3, 2, 1).

Tried baseball but was turned down on account of his youth. The youngest man in the class. At first would believe anything, but has grown quite foxy of late. Shaped like an old apple tree. Highly original; fasted four days, set his alarm clock for midnight, then ate six oranges and ten bananas. Champion of the tennis court football team. Wears his plebe clothes at times with a Buster Brown effect. Wants the Pacific station.

ALBERT SHAFNER REES Fayetteville, Tennessee

"Albert," "Wush"

"Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent."
Shakespeare.

Buzzard (1); Football (4, 3, 2, 1); Yellow N; Santee; Fusser.

A man of sunny disposition and a very susceptible heart. In him we see the "Rajah of Bong," one dear to the hearts of the fair sex. His stalwart build and graceful dancing, his suasive voice and Chesterfieldian manners make him much sought after at the hops. Lived for two years with Billy Williams and the Black Diamond Express, was awakened each morning with "Lena Kline" and Billy's valet de chambre receiving orders in French and escaped unharmed. As a second classman he had hopes of stripes, but the Spanish Department blasted his fond expectations. Made a trip from Newport to New London to propose, and met his heart's love's fiancé. Was at one time a strong advocate of Postum Cereal, but now aspires to Gubernatorial honors.

"Does she really?"

FERDINAND LOUIS REICHMUTH — Ripon, Wisconsin

"Dutch," "Sike"

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity, a child."—Pope.

One stripe (1); Crew (2); Hustlers (2); Hop Committee (2, 1); Farewell Ball Committee (2); Red N.

A big happy Dutchman. A simple smile adorns his countenance, but that smile hides volumes—of sauerkraut and wienerwurst. He walks like a ferry boat in a tide rip, but he gets there like all the rest from "Old Goimany." Lost his appendix (1), but is still Dutch. Is also in the N. P. S. monopoly with Jakey and Robbie. You would not believe it to look at him, but that shining schoolboy face hides a multitude of attractions that delight the feminine heart. That smile just beams "Gesundheit" at you.

"Dat's sometings." "I make a four."

HERBERT BERNARD RIEBE Rochester, Minnesota

"Baron," "Stone-face," "Squire"

"Nature did compose thee of the choicest parts,
Using in the process all her arts."
—Herr Von Der Schmidt,
"Huff-de-Guff," Spasm II.

Buzzard (1); Board of Governors; Class Football (4, 3, 2); Pink Thirteen; Santee.

Man of strenuous temperament. Rough-houses in a manner calculated to put the rough-housée in the hospital. Could make Baron Münchausen look like a rank beginner, with his harrowing tales of the happenings in the land of the Swede. Is an authority on all subjects pertaining to the sea, and could navigate a floating dry dock as easily as he could sail a cat boat. Rooms with Rosie—forming one of those "perfect unions" that give color to the saying that "marriages are made in heaven."

"Marine, marine, sieze that man."

FRANK HAMILTON ROBERTS New Haven, Connecticut

"Robbie, Bobbie, Bobs"

"In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility."
—Shakespeare.

Buzzard (1); Baseball Training Table (3); Class Baseball (2).

A Connecticut Yankee, yet tall and graceful. Spends the cruises on his native heath. Never missed a hop on any of the cruises, and is still a fusser. Is receiving agent, therefore, for the Fudge Trust, and deals out any quality and any quantity at any time. Assumes for the ladies a pose resembling Apollo Belvidere, and this in coöperation with Jakey's debonair manner, has completely subjugated the N. P. S. Plays baseball and nothing higher than penny ante.

FRANCIS MARTIN ROBINSON

Williamsport, Pennsylvania

"He is truly great that is little in himself, and that maketh no account of any height of honors."—Kempis.

One stripe (1); Hockey Team; Newark (1).

A man with the "all Penna" accent, who lives in the same inclosure with "Hook-em." Can ask more questions in a unit of time of the C. G. S. system than a polyphase phonograph. The O. C.'s think Mike is all right and that he can handle his crowd; surely he is Uncle Ben's ideal of an officer. Having lived with his present wife for three years is content to lie peacefully under the shade of the old apple tree while the Jersey finishes his note. Keeps step by the aid of a ratchet bar connection, but is usually there with a little effort. Occasionally indulges in small chunks of his native dialect.

"Who? When? Why? Where?"

FRED FREMONT ROGERS — Clinton, Illinois

"Rogé," "Aifay-Aifay,"
"Bath-house John"

"Because I am not a genius,
You call me dull."
—Leary O'Toole, Act III.

Buzzard (1); Savo-woodenoid (4, 3, 2, 1).

Small—but his pompous presence lends to the air of distinction given by those raven locks and sparkling black eyes. He recites with that assurance that comes of high intellectual attainments, and is responsible for the hypothesis that metal lifeboats are not used because they sink. Of a somewhat inventive turn of mind, and has taken out a patent on his cast-iron boiler with copper tubes. Received a pretty picture postal card on first class cruise, but the mystery remains unsolved.

"Meet me at St Louis—Louis"

CHRISTOPHER AUGUR RUSSELL Boston, Massachusetts

"Chris," "Pringle"

"*An affable and courteous gentleman*"
—*Shakespeare.*

Buzzard (1); Hop Committee (2, 1); Class Track Team (4); Scrub Baseball (4, 3); Class Baseball (2); Green Lion.

A quiet, amiable chap from Boston. Has large eyes and a stunning walk. He is a game sport and somewhat of a fusser. Is somewhat absent minded, but manages to remember where his room is. He found that his ears could be greatly benefited by consulting a specialist at Washington, and accordingly took several trips last spring. Went to a house party, on second class cruise, with a camera case swung over his shoulder containing a sponge and a toothbrush. Plays piano and hockey; also head coach of the "socker" team. Fond of soirées on the tin roof. Hit the pap youngster year for "Head cock billed and arms adrift."

"Ah! she's quite a genial dame."

RANDOLPH PERRY SCUDDER

North Yakima, Washington

"Scud," "Randolph," "Dolphie"

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith, than Norman blood."
—Tennyson.

One stripe (1); Board of Governors; Pink Thirteen; Green Lion; Santee.

A touge plebe, but has reformed. Has a startling laugh which needs filing. Most susceptible man in the class, falling in love and catching diptheria first class year. A good human barometer on certain things, one of his surest indications being condition of his hair. Had a foot race once with the O. C. in the third floor inquisition hall, but lost out by a half lap. Owns an orange grove up in Boston. Has a most generous nature and takes his greatest delight in giving pleasure to others. Learned to write twenty-four page letters by "intuition." Rooms with Fat's library of "scyerocopsycatical anthropocentricism" and "pseudonimical archælogical characteristics" without going insane.

ALEXANDER SHARP, Jr.

Washington, District of Columbia

"Sandy," "Sappho," "Kafferdog,"
"Asymptote," "Hiawatha,"
"Hia," "Alphonse," "Laughing Aqua"

"A solemn, strange and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild."
—Collins.

Two stripes (1); Fencing Team (3, 2, 1); Grey N*; Forty per cent.

Sharp of the *regular* team; a single blast at 2.05 P. M. To a pow-wow in the jungle came an Indian maiden—so the poem ran. This Indian came clad in a towel and a frown, fiendishly brandishing a sword, a pipe and a mechanics book. Driven from the far-away stare of his dreaming roommate by his thirst for knowledge, he raves. Again a war dance in the armory, a proper middie bearing aloft the hand of a fair maiden, he smiles, he bows. Good natured and polite to a degree and withal a man that could not be dispensed with when it comes to a rough-house or picnic. Insists that the plebes be helped first at the table and that his table gets its share. Ask Carroll. Has worked harder and more conscientiously at the art of boning than any other man in the bunch. Math fiend.

"Bridge, there—how about the light yards?"

ISAAC CLARKE SHUTE Camden, New Jersey

"Ikey," "Heine"

"And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth
And that was shining on him."—Byron.

Buzzard (1); Army-Navy Game (1).

Until you hear him deny it, you will say that he is Dutch. Certainly has all the habits and characteristics of the corpulent Teuton. Is making desperate efforts to secure the much coveted banner, and if newspaper reports are to be relied upon we don't hesitate to say that he will succeed. Had a most delightful time at the West Point game, showing his enthusiasm for the Navy's touchdown in a quite novel but effective manner. Delights in furnishing the corridor with all lessons. Enjoys the bon pipe and always has a stock of good tobacco on hand for his sponging neighbors. Wanted to go home first class leave by way of St. Louis.

NORMAN MURRAY SMITH Williston, South Carolina

"Smitty," "Norman," "Enny Emmy"

"And I have loved the Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be."
—Byron.

One stripe (1); Severn (3, 2, 1); Bosuns mate.

A bow-legged, soprano-voiced son of the wild sea waves. At one time attained the rank of brigade adjutant, but came face to face with the bricks of Maryland avenue on his first attempt. Prefers big ships, and has a pet dislike for a vessel named Chesapeake, otherwise the Severn, despite the fact that he has attained prominence on that "bucket" as first lieutenant and captain of the spud locker. "A mighty savez young blonde, isn't he," and a good officer of the deck. Used to muse for hours first class cruise waiting for that letter from Shelter Island. Can discourse on rates of pay in the Navy, and spiels to the first company in high G on the subject of Lord Kelvin's sounding machine and others.

"What makes me feel so weak?"

ROY FRANCIS SMITH — Chicago, Illinois

"Kirby," "Roy," "Bunch," "Doc,"
"Smitty," "Reginald Fairfax"

"A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp looking wretch,
A living dead man."—Shakespeare.

Three stripes (1); Football (3, 2, 1); Class Football (4); Chairman Farewell Ball Committee; Toastmaster Class Supper; Editor-in-Chief Lucky Bag; Choir (4, 3, 2); Santee; Christmas Card Committee; Pink Thirteen; Green Lion; Yellow N.

A merry rolly polly, "cute hunk," from the city of the stock yards, who helped to make Milwaukee famous. Made his advent to the N. A. as a function with a tin pan at the head of the processions celebrating our victory in baseball over West Point in 1902. Since that, his cherubic face and chubby person have combined with a persuasive manner to make him a leading light and a diplomat born. Talks ragtime with himself when taken out of a football game, but is what the Annapolis papers call the Navy's "doughy" fullback. Runs the biggest library in the Academy, from which a person can get a complete education by reading the titles. Knows the name, words and music of every popular song written, but bilged from the choir for trying to keep informed on other news.

"Oo! ain't it awfu'?"

ROBERT WILLSIE SPOFFORD

Washington, District of Columbia

"Spoff," "Spiff," "Babe," "Athlute"

"Go,—you may call it madness,—folly,—
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay!"

—Rogers.

Chief Petty Officer; Baseball (4, 3); Captain (2); White N; Hop Committee; Farewell Ball Committee; Presentation Sword, for general excellence in athletics; Santee; Pink Thirteen.

The original and only "Roaring Borealis," who once thought he was a sea-lion. Much sought after by the dowagers, and only needs long hair to be a social lion. Has a dreamy, far-away look in his brown eyes, and an enchanting smile. Dances best after a session of the Pink Thirteen. Made himself famous b his eloquent speeches after the West Point baseball game. Present at all celebrations. Lived with Sandy three years but was unable to curb his asymptotic spells.

"Su-ku, Ru-ku, boom, za-za,
Spofford, Hero, athlute."
"That's all, Sal, drive on."

JOHN TAYLOR GANSE STAPLER New York, New York

"Jack," "Staples"

"In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all."
—Gay.

One stripe (1); Secretary Midshipmen's Athletic Association; Football (4, 3); Rifle Team (3, 2); Captain (2); Lucky Bag Committee; Class German Committee.

A New Yorker, whose unbounded enthusiasm in things athletic has led to albums, tennis courts and captaincy of the Rifle team. Gives good advice to team captains in general and helps steer the athletic association. Writes plays and poetry for a diversion at the Academy and holds the record for long-distance fussing out of Rockland. Will go to sleep at 7.30 and get up at 4 o'clock the next morning to bone. Is a finished conversationalist and after-dinner speaker. Inventor of the famous celluloid whistle for use near water-tight doors. Absent minded of late.

"Captain Stapler did not shoot."

"Oh! I say, old chap."

William Hollister Stevenson

Newbern, North Carolina

"Steve," "Bill," "Po"

"Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motion of her body."
—Shakespeare.

Buzzard (2, 1); Tired and Lazy (4, 3, 2, 1).

A lanquid son of No'th Ca'line, takes life easy, sw'ars when he gets mad, and ends up with a pleasant smile. He has a brace like a boat davit, and says it is too much trouble to stand up all the time. Doesn't know the bugle calls yet, and stood at attention when he heard first call to colors. Listens to "Rube" Lake's yearnings for Chicago, with great patience, and sometimes even wishes that he hadn't left home.

"Mr. Stevenson, how do you go about-er-clearing up the decks."

"Well, sir, the first order is "Ready about, stations for stays."

"Well, I'll sw'ar
See dat b'ar, over dar."

William Callender Irvine Stiles

St. Vincent, Minnesota

"Bill," "W. C. T. U."

"Sthiles was a sailor, and I'll tell you sthumthing more,
The only thale he ever thaw was in a drygoodth sthore."—Song.

Buzzard (1); Sailor (4, 3, 2, 1); Plebe (4).

Mr. Stiles was a gentle plebe fourth class year, and now the O. C.'s know that he is a "sea-goin'" representative of '06. Has more than his share of names, and his initials are supposed to be a parody on a W. C. T. U. sign. Combines a striking military walk with the sea-gaited, salt-air horn-pipe of the days of iron men in wooden ships. Can reef a topsail, and took sailing lessons in the same cat boat with Pig Liver and Gotur Gumshoesshined. Screwed a vice up on his finger first class cruise, but didn't mean to hurt himself.

"Sthiles is here, Sthiles is here!"

ARCHIBALD GRAHAME STIRLING Baltimore, Maryland

"Archie," "Peter," "Loco," "Touge"

"Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead."

Buzzard (1); Green Lion.

"Who is that distinguished looking aristocrat?" Received his only throw-down on the Samoset porch, but has since made good. Much interested in the construction of the new academic building. Talks like a dictionary if he can't define the words. Took pains to see that everybody else requested for everything he needed so that he could sponge on them. A general utility man and an excellent master of ceremonies. Feathers his feet when he does not wear interfering straps. A solemn youth with a dignified mien, but even beauty can not palliate eccentricity. Is an excellent free-hand draughtsman and thoroughly understands machinery.

"You might as well come out of that locker, Mr. Stirling."

SHERWOODE AYERST TAFFINDER

San Francisco, California

"Taff," "Pathfinder"

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain,
'You have waked me too soon, I must sleep again.'"
—*McSlits.*

Buzzard (2, 1); Crew (4, 3, 2); Captain (2); Track (3); Red N; Green N; Class Football.

The laziest and tougest man in the brigade. The wise men are those whose opinions and ideas agree with his. Never happy unless he is twisting somebody's neck or chewing their ears. A true California athlete, but hates to work unless he has to. Talks with his hands. Ring leader of the Annex B rough-houses, plebe year. A fusser in a mild way, but tries to act as though he were not used to it.

"Shove off, and make your regular trip!"

CONANT TAYLOR Brooklyn, New York

"Skipper"

"A word to the wise is resented."—Proverb.

"Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving
gale."—Pope.

Buzzard (1); Binoculars (4, 3, 2).

A true son of the sea, who has already had every experience that could befall a retired sea captain in a lifetime of adventures. Can spin a yarn with the most hardened salt, and refuses to be bluffed. Takes advice as a child takes castor oil. A knocker of no mean ability—when all his hearers agree with him. Could sail a cat boat over Niagara Falls without shipping a sea. Has a smile that looks like a Chinese laundry ticket. Is a savoir in a small way and would star if he could keep his temper and realize that the book is occasionally right.

JOHN HENRY TOWERS — Rome, Georgia

"Hattie," "John Henry"

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."
—Fielding.

Buzzard (2, 1).

A shy, flaxen-haired son of the Sunny South, who went to a hop once but has since lost his nerve. Never fusses in Annapolis, but writes letters on Sundays, laying grave suspicion on his actions during midshipmen's wooing times, otherwise known as leave. Has all the doctors guessing as to whether or not he knows green from pink, but managed to get the benefit of the doubt. Lived with Tommy Lew for four years and never turned a hair. Has a handsome figure, walks and runs with a modified slit-bar motion. His true worth has never been appreciated.

"How could I he'p it, man?"

REUBEN LINDSAY WALKER Richmond, Virginia

"Red"

"He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope, and balances your fear and hope."—Prior.

Buzzard (1); Class Baseball.

A red-headed, impetuous product of old Virginia. Talks with the true southern accent and possesses a most engaging manner. Dances as gracefully as a young fawn. Is a rouser of no mean ability, and a recognized connoisseur. Can assume a most profound and intelligent look, and makes the best recitations on the subjects that he knows least about. Believes in taking things as they come and in following the desire of the moment without regard to consequences.

STEPHEN WINCHESTER WALLACE

Salt Lake City, Utah

"Scrubby," "Mormon," "Bull"

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains: each a mighty voice."
—Wordsworth.

Three stripes(1); Buzzard (2); Class Football (3, 2); (Hustlers (1).

The Thunderer. A huge animal of ferocious mien. A glance from beneath those great bushy brows would make even the Great Stone Face tremble. But that voice—anyone who has ever heard the lions at the Zoo can infer its volume. Growl, Scrubby, growl! Gives fatherly advice to plebes in dulcet tones, and they take it, usually. A sailor-man in port, but at sea swings on a "spud" locker from day to day. Plays football, and goes through center like a prairie schooner over a rocky trail.

"Gimme the ball. I'll make a touchdown!"

EDWARD DAVIS WASHBURN Romney, West Virginia

"Tubby," "Bucket," "Washbucket,"
"Tapes"

"He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers."
—Proverb.

Buzzard (1); Track Team (3, 2); Green N.

A solemn-visaged son of the Blue Ridge Panhandlers. Enjoys a joke with all the fervency of an associate of Chubby Welch. Can spiel the percentage of completion of any ship and knows the who and where of the entire personnel of the Navy. Is a complete encyclopedia of athletics, including the record—with dates—of every man and team in the country. An abettor of all first company frolics, and although he has lived with the Texas steer four years, is still whole. An aspirant to the order of the full dinner pail, but the members are afraid to admit him. Learned to dance at dancing drill and then joined "our crowd."

"I swear!"

LEO FRANCIS WELCH Worcester, Massachusetts

"Leo," "Chubby," "Pope"

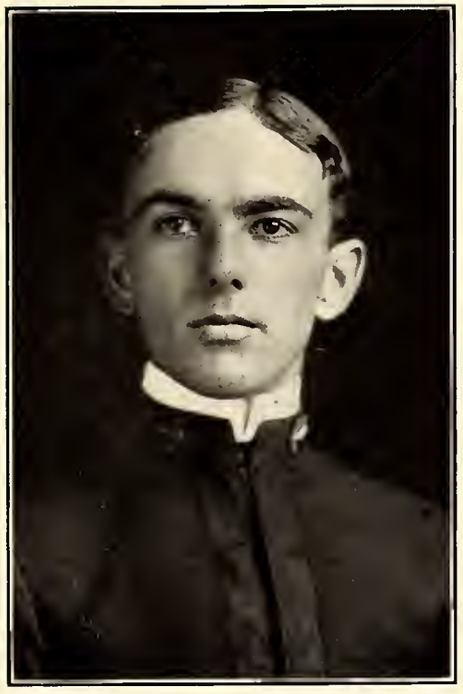
"Every room hath blaz'd with lights, and brayed with minstrelsy."—Shakespeare.

Buzzard (1); Baseball (4, 3, 2); Proprietor Turkish bath (2).

As sleek and contented looking a cherub as can oft be found this side of Back Bay. An expert in impromptu rough-housing and the proprietor of his tip emporium. Missed his calling when he did not go on the stage as a chorus girl or Fatima, the terpsichorean artist. Can hand you out a yard of Shakespeare or Kipling with all the airs of a matinée hero. Believes that all anchors have storks and is the pie belt representative on the board of trustees. When he resigns, is going to "shove a dipper of suds to Mag." "Betshur sweet."

"Coffee and pistols for two."

"Oh, Chubby, won't oo come play wif me?"



ROBERT ARNOLD WHITE Wayne, Pennsylvania

"Bob"

"But strive still to be a man before your mother."
—Cowper.

Buzzard (1); Class Juvenile (4, 3, 2, 1).

A child who has an amiable disposition and a perpetual grin. Hasn't aged a minute since he entered, and is still taking Mellin's Food. A strong fusser and the darling of the chaperones. Keeps a cat in secret and files down his prospective moustache using cream as a lubricant. Looks real touge with a ready-made dope stick, but has no other vicious habit. Allows the local tailoring talent to practice on him. Has the most elaborate rogue's gallery of the class on his locker door.

August Christian Wilhelm — Sandusky, Ohio

"Kaiser," "Dutch"

"A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear."
—Campbell.

Three stripes (1); Buzzard (2); Star (3); Class Baseball (3, 2); Class Football (2).

A most obliging Dutchman who had visions of bilging at the end of his first week. Does everything well, and has a conscience that won't let him digress. Knows not dissimulation, nor has he ever been ashamed of representing Ohio in the W section. [In this instance W does not stand for wooden.] Rooms with Lengthy Bryan, the human integral sign, hence his affinity for calc. Longs for another cruise on uncle's yacht Hohenzollern, and can differentiate pretzels in a truly wooden shoe style. Swears he hasn't looked at the book, and can bat a 3.8 with ease.

"Kaiser, Kaiser,
Hoch der Kaiser—
Wilhelm."

RUSSELL WILLSON

Washington, District of Columbia

"Russ," "Rusty," "Widow," "Fusser"

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore—
To one thing constant—never."
—Shakespeare.

Buzzard (1); Star (3); Hop Committee (3, 2, 1); Chairman Hop Committee (2, 1); Farewell Ball Committee; Lucky Bag Committee; Chairman Class Crest Committee (4); Green Lion; Santee.

Look at his picture; there you see depicted a noble character, famed throughout for his fussing capabilities. Makes a hit with the fair sex by his kindly manner in throwing them bouquets. Has a large bill at the florists. Hasn't missed a hop since plebe year, and has dates enough ahead to keep him going for some time. Does a little in art. Declares he would rather be chairman of the hop committee than class president. With the aid of handkerchiefs attains a sylph-like form when fussing. Wears kid gloves to Steam drill. Is really from Wyoming, but was appointed from Washington, D.C. A broncho buster and cow puncher of no small ability.

"I dare say."

PIERRE LIGHT WILSON Baltimore, Maryland

"P. L.," "Pig liver"

"But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass."
—Shakespeare.

Buzzard (1); Coxswain Crew (2); Red N.

A small man with a wrinkled face and sea-going habits. Never gets seasick, and is capable of following the conversation of the sad sea-waves. Has the most exact ideas on the subject of duty—especially on the matter of relieving on time. Tried to get fat by the laughing process but found, after years of trial, that he had the wrong brand of "Ha Ha." Wears a 3 shoe and a 4 hat. Got into a $7\frac{1}{2}$ cap by mistake at one of the hops and almost starved to death before he could get out. Smokes a Dutch pipe that is larger than himself.

THOMAS WITHERS, Jr. Denver, Colorado

"Tommy," "Touge"

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute, any mischief."—Clarendon.

Buzzard (1); Chairman of the Class Supper Committee (2); Class Baseball (2); Santee.

A young thing with fuzz on his chin and a repertoire of wild and woolly stories that frighten most of us tenderfoots out of our wits. Came to Annapolis on a bucking bronco and blew out all the windows in the post office before he had been here an hour. Went to "Bobbie's" and threw all the desks from the third story window down on the frightened Annapolitans. However, he has been somewhat tamed by "Taff," who, after two years' effort, has him well in hand. The man who made the class supper a success and knows all the big men in Washington as a result. Declares that the only way to make the Naval Academy a success, is to put it entirely in the hands of the midshipmen.

"Oh, say! we won't do a thing to 'em!"

EDWIN ARMIN WOLLESON Belleville, Illinois

"Clara," "Wolly," "Wolsey"

"Gazing on the youth before us, there,
We could but note the whiteness of his hair."
—Antonio Penutski Smythia.

Buzzard (1).

A frail, soft-voiced, light-haired youth—the embodiment of ease and grace. Puts his hair in danger of fire every time he blushes. Makes himself a willing butt for all of Buckskin's pranks, but since he was tied under his bed youngster year, has lost all desire to rough-house. Talks in circles when reciting, and sketches like a man painting a house. Broke a chronometer and lost himself overboard climbing down the gangway of a destroyer.

"I don't know."

CHARLES ARMIJO WOODRUFF

San Francisco, California

"Choke," "Non Reg Charlie"

"No man is born without ambitious worldly desires."—Carlyle.

Buzzard (1); Green Lion; Business Manager of the Lucky Bag; Class German Committee (1); Chairman Christmas Card Committee (3); Class Crest Committee (4); Santee (3).

An Army lad who drifted into the Navy by mistake. Always hunting for new fields of business enterprise. Has a long head, a longer jaw, and a lean, hungry look. Can bluff you out of anything—a Lucky Bag ad. or a 2.5 from the Steam department. Connoisseur of cigars. An intermittent rhino and fusser. Foxy to a fault. Knows who and how to "grease." Has roamed over most of the world and gathered considerable—experience.

"Well, I'll tell you my scheme."

EDWIN BURKE WOODWORTH — Cuero, Texas

"Wood," "Woodie"

"Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blessed."
—Goldsmith.

Buzzard (1); Captain Class Football (4, 3); Football Team (2, 1); Yellow N; Strength test.

A hard worker, built with the strength of an ox and not afraid to use it when necessary. Got a grease with "Robbie" by his skillful juggling of target rafts and spare anchors. Is not a believer in the married state but *will* stick up for that state of Texas. Can always go you one better when it comes to roping cattle or comparing towns with "my little town of Cuero." Has a jaw that means an argument when set, and has a propensity for straining the Gym bucking machine. Played *the* game December second.

"Now I want some men to lay aft."

"Got a hit in the West Point game."

"Known him all my life."

GEORGE BANREY WRIGHT Fergus Falls, Minnesota

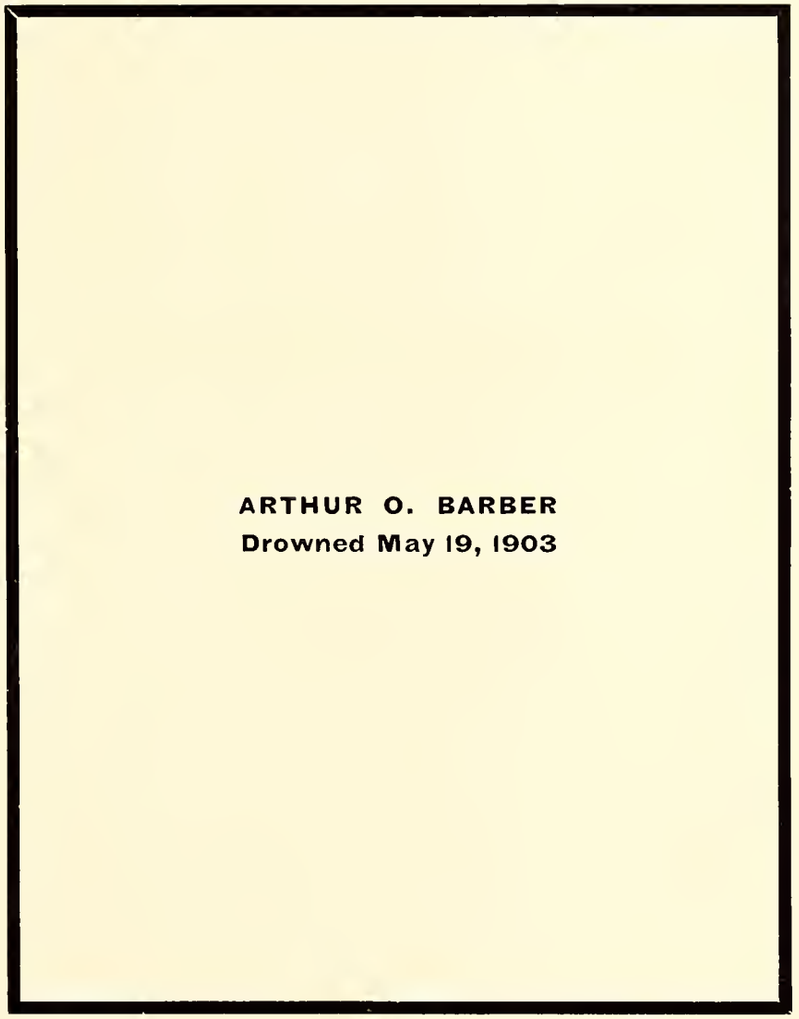
"Barney," "Dad," "Deacon"

"There are a sort of men whose visages
Do color and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion."
—Shakespeare.

Two stripes (1); Buzzard (2); Star (4, 3, 2); Lucky Bag Committee.

One of the wise old owls and the father of his flock. Never smiles, because his face might slip, and besides, it hurts him. Could not go out for the class team because he had to study or bilge. Is of a gloomy disposition, judging from the fall of spirits on the north terrace Sunday nights. Overworked himself doing Lucky Bag work, and had to retire. An artist with the camera, in a mild way.

IN · MEMORIAM ·



ARTHUR O. BARBER
Drowned May 19, 1903

SAMUEL WESTRAY BATTLE
Died February 19, 1905

PHILIP S. BRITTINGHAM
Drowned May 15, 1904

SANTEE

CLASS NUMERALS

"N"

Socker

CHARLES STANLEY ALBERT Philadelphia, Pa.

"Sleeps"

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."—Proverbs.

WILLIAM FAULKENER AMSDEN Abilene, Kan.

"Bill"

"He steps right onward, martial in his air,
His form and movement."—Cowper.

ANDREW LANE BELL Chelsea, Mass.

"Elsie"

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."
—Suckling.

KENNETH CAMM BOUSH Washington, D. C.

"Ken"

"Genius must be born, and never can be taught."
—Dryden.

JERE HUTCHINS BROOKS Detroit, Mich.

"Jerry"

"This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw."
—Thomson.

ALBERT COMSTOCK BURCH Detroit, Mich.

"Pumpstock"

"Whose very languor is a punishment,
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess."
—De Vere.

WILLIAM LE GRAND BURNETT Georgetown, Ga.

"Billy," "Bunny"

"I care for nobody, no, not I
If no one cares for me."

CASSIUS MARCELLUS CADE Shawnee, Okla.

"Pete," "Cassius"

"With knowledge so vast and with judgement so strong
No man with the half of them e'er could go wrong;
With passion so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of them e'er could go right."

GEORGE GOODRICH COALE Richmond, Ind.

"Della"

"Coale! Coale! Who called Coale?"—Old Saying.

JOHN FRANKLIN COX Spencer, Ind

"Johnny," "Smooth," "Kitty,"
"Liz"

"They whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed."
—Cowper.

GEORGE MANSFIELD DARLOW
Indianapolis, Ind.

"Peanuts"

"He's of stature somewhat low
Your hero should be always tall, you know."
—Churchill

ROGER ALEXANDER DEWAR Nelson, Ga.

"Roger"

"Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime
For O! it is not always May."
—Longfellow.

JOHN WILLIAM DICKINSON Brownsville, Tenn.

"Johnny," "John," "Dick"

"Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine."—Milton.

JOHN DIXON Fayetteville, Ala.

"Jack," "Monk," "Dick"

"John has a lean and hungry look."—Shakespeare.

THOMAS H. DRAKE Charleston, W. Va.

"Duck"

"What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife."
—Cowper.

THOMAS EVERETT FOLLETT Oshkosh, Wis.

"Bughouse"

"He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put up in phials hermeticolly sealed."—Swift.

HUGH CLARENDON FRY Greensboro, N. C.

"Dope"

"What means this heaviness that hangs upon me.
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses."
—Addison.

STEPHEN QUACKENBUSH GARST Washington, D. C.

"Steve," "Fat"

"That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended?"
—Thomson.

LENNOX GRANT

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."
- Gray.

THOMAS GREEN Jackson, Miss.

"Tommy," "Green T"

"What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice."
—Shakespeare.

SAMUEL LENOW HENDERSON Imboden, Ark.

"Sam," "Sammy," "Pop"

Class Secretary; Manager of Crew; Class Football Team (4, 3).

"His worth is warrant for his welcome."
—Shakespeare.

GOODWIN HOBBS Newport, R. I.

"Goodie"

"An honest man close buttoned to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within."
—Cowper.

HAMILTON EUGENE HUTCHINS Washington, D. C.

"Skip," "Hank," "Hutch"

"For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen,
As would go and lie to a poor marine."
—Roche.

BRADLEY TYLER JOHNSON Richmond, Va.

"Brad," "Abbie," "Bugs"

"Seven weary years I wandered—Patagonia, China, Norway,
Till at last I sank exhausted, at a pastrycook, his doorway."
—Gilbert.

ARTHUR REAMY JOYCE Minneapolis, Minn.

"Artur"

"He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noonday grove."
—Wordsworth.

CHARLES STANLEY KELLER Easton, Pa.

"Boscoe"

Captain Baseball Team (3)

"Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty."
—Pope.

ROWAN PALMER LEMLY Washington, D. C.

"Lem" "Limpin"

"Night after night,
He sat and bleared his eyes with books."
—Longfellow

ALFRED LONG Pittsburg, Pa.

"Alfie"

"Ye who dwell at home, ye do not know the terrors of the main."—Southey.

CHARLES MCKENNA LYNCH Greensburg, Pa.

"Pip"

Farewell Ball Committee; Class Supper Committee; Class Football

"Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto."
—Byron.

GORDON HANDY MCCOY Annapolis, Md.

"Gordon," "Mac"

"And passed his hand athwart his face;
Like one in dreary musing mood,
Declining was his attitude."
—Byron.

MORRIS GOODRIDGE MARKLAND Pen Yan, N. Y.

"Mark"

"So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long."—Shakespeare.

ROBERT GWATHMEY MERRITT Baltimore, Md.

"Bob"

"Great let me call him for he conquered me;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought."
—Young.

CLIFFORD PLANCHE MEYER New Orleans, La.

"Touche," "Planché," "C. P."

"And friend received with thumps upon the back."
—Young.

GEORGE WILLIAM MILLER Vicksburg, Miss.

"Pickles," "Pricque"

"He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man."—Shakespeare.

GEORGE MORTON Orange, Va.

"Doc"

"I hear Socrates saying that the best seasoning for food is hunger; for drink, thirst."—Cicero.

CHARLES FRANCIS MURPHY New York City

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please."
—Dryden.

PERCIVAL EDMUND DARRAGH NAGLE Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Perc"

"Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk
To have my place reserved among the rest."
—Longfellow.

BLANDON NEEL Forest City, Ark.

"Rain-in-the-face"

"Man lives apart but not alone;
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts that he hath known,
For lack of listeners are never said."
—Ingelow.

WILLIAM THOMAS PEACOCK Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Billy," "Pakok"

"To paradise, the Arabs say,
Satan could not find the way
Until the Peacock let him in."
—Leland.

ROBERT HOUGHTON PEARSON Concord, N. H.

"Bob"

"Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs."
—Shakespeare

ROBERT EMMET ROGERS — Ozark, Mo.

"Roget"

"Idly busy rolls the world away."—Goldsmith.

HAROLD HUNTINGTON SHANLEY — Burlington, Vt.

"Harold," "Twistum"

"Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed."—Cowper.

JAMES ALFRED SILSBEE — Elmira, N. Y.

"Jim"

"Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed,
Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain
For all our acts to many issues lead."

GEORGE ROBBINS SIMPSON — Alexandria, Va.

"Rob," "Simp"

"Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know."
—Homer.

FREDERICK TOMLINSON STEVENSON — San Francisco, Cal.

"Maggie," "Stevie"

"One that is a woman Sir; but, bless her soul, she's fair."
—Smith.

CLINTON RAND THOMPSON — Concord, N. H.

"Tom," "Skiwow"

"What shall I say to you? what can I say
Better than silence is?"—Longfellow.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TILLEY, Jr. — Mare Island, Cal.

"Ben"

"I have no delight to pass the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun."
—Shakespeare.

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL — Morristown, N. J.

"Archie"

'06 Lucky Bag Committee

"Cheered up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers."
—Butler.

HAROLD HICKOX UTLEY — Springfield, Ill.

"Harold," "Utt," "Harold Dear"

"I am not in the roll of common men."—Shakespeare.

NEWTON HARRIS WHITE, Jr. — Wales, Tenn.

"Nute"

"The one sensation that his form impressed
Was one of awkwardness, distressed."
—Royalle Francisco Smythe.

JOSEPH RALPH WILLIAMS — Paterson, N. J.

"Billy," "Skip"

Lucky Bag Committee; Class Yell Committee

*"I marched the lobby, twirled my stick, * * **
The girls all cried, 'He's quite the kick.'"
—Coleman.

Class History

WE are not going to try to tell all that has happened to us in four long years—hard years, too. But let us trace roughly our course from the first days of our life here to the goal reached at last.

To begin with, then, the class was born in May, 1902, when thirty-eight of us came to live on the top floor of Old Quarters. They suffered—those early settlers—as only "functions" can suffer. Think of being the scum of the earth to four whole classes—for even the plebes, though lowly, felt themselves a mighty step above us. But the little bunch stood bravely together. Patiently they endured all until the great day when the upper classes sailed away, leaving a plebes' paradise behind them.

And now, each day brought in more of us to put on the stiff yellow "whites" and little black ties. Plebe summer, the first of its kind, soon began in earnest, and we found ourselves in the hands of Professor Corbessier and Mattie Strohm. We learned to "up de haid," "m–m–m–march!" and "get queeck een!" We came back weary from the Gym after "two plunch, an' no more!" and were instructed in the noble art of "setting up." Hard work, we used to call it all; but, then, we were very young at the time.

With the end of August came the return of the ships. Enviously we watched the happy upper classmen going on leave (with a few exceptions, as we soon discovered). Such joys were not to be ours for many a month!

September being, as we afterwards learned, by far the shortest month in the year, it was not long before our real troubles began.

Plebe year itself was much like all other plebe years. Work of all kinds, and plenty of it, was our lot. Some play, too, however—for can we ever forget those famous rough-houses in the Annexes, when the poor Dago was dragged through every corridor?

Some of us, besides, did our little best to make that trip to Philadelphia the success which, alas! it was not.

The new idea of having a plebe football team gave us a chance to show what was in us. And then and there was laid the cornerstone of our future greatness on the football field. Busy days like these brought us ere long to the first ditch—the dreaded "semi-ans!" Some of the faithful fell and were lost, a few for all time, a few for a year only. Those of us who remained had the sensation—first of many to follow—of being thankful for the all-powerful 2.5.

Just at this point in our career we saw the time-honored custom of hazing abolished, to our everlasting regret,—for how, henceforth, were plebes to be taught the error of their ways?

Spring terms always go fast, so we were soon carrying off our share of the honors in crew, baseball and track. And hard upon those days came the "ans," bringing with them the biggest step of all four years—we became youngsters!

After having hardly had time to realize that gravel no longer hurt our feet, we had to pack up for the cruise, from which we hoped and feared much. It proved better than we had expected, that cruise. Although "non-ratey" class, ours was an easy life.

Among other pleasures was our visit to Bar Harbor, the true fussers' home, where we spent six delightful weeks.

To crown such a summer came our first leave, the joys of which we cannot paint. Scattered to the four corners of the country, we tried hard to make up for the lost year.

The time was all too short, and soon back we came to try our luck once more. And alas! we found that the class was broken up and made to live by companies! Other things combined against us, too, for Calc. proved a bitter enemy, and the Steam Department began to show its claws.

The football season found us again with the team, each in its own way. Once more we made the trip to Philadelphia, only to return saddened and empty handed.

Winter slowly passed away and carried us through the semi-ans, which again lessened our number by a cherished few. Again the remainder patted itself on the back and felt "savez."

Fairly started for June, we found the time flying by until we again came out to do our little athletic stunts. Spring fever found many victims, some of whom visited the dear old Santee for a month or more. The "ans" again cut down the stragglers, and then we sailed away on another cruise. This time we were all split up in a squadron and hardly saw each other all summer. At last, however, even those three months came to an end, and once more we *lived* for thirty days. More experiences this time; we found our leave even better than the first one.

Returning to our little out of the world place, we found that half of us were to christen the new Bancroft Hall, while the rest still stood by the Old Quarters. In second class year we found that we were indeed up against it. Steam, Mechanics and Skinny attacked us so fiercely that at the Semi-ans, nine more of us were thrust into the out-stretched arms of 1907.

We managed somehow to get through the winter, after having to face defeat at Philadelphia for the third time. We had, too, the satisfaction of knowing that the Army's charm was surely being broken—and every little bit helps.

When we said farewell to 1905, in February, we felt that we were coming into our own, for we were first class in everything but name. All privileges were ours, with none —or almost none—to say us nay. The many details gave most of us a chance to wear a sword—and the accompanying chest.

Better than all this, however, it was then that the Navy began to come out of the rut into which, through hard luck, she had fallen in the past few years. With the winning of the Fencing Championship a new era of things began. At the end of the spring season we had an almost unblemished record in everything—rowing, baseball, track, and even in shooting! Only in baseball did we meet the Army, and we defeated them most gloriously. No one possessed a broom after the greatest torchlight celebration ever seen. We did not work all these wonders, but help the good cause we certainly did,—and after all, the leadership was ours.

Such crowded days soon brought us to the "ans"—at which we laughed,—and then happy thought, to our last practice cruise! The story of that cruise we have told in other pages, and in any case, it mattered little, with first class leave in store for us.

Of all our leaves the last was surely the greatest. Knowing that one month is a very short time, our plebe friends very kindly started an epidemic, keeping us away for two weeks longer. In those two we almost succeeded in doing what we had no time to do in the first four.

At last we came back reluctant, minus the regulation number of class rings. The usual surprises and disappointments in the way of stripes confronted us. Some of these proved fleeting, and soon passed away, the Fallen Angle Club soon becoming a strong organization. As always, we found our path still stormy, but what mattered that, with diplomas looming large before us?

We made the long trip to Princeton and fought the Army to a draw.

Now that it is all over, there is much to look back on. We can but hope that we have left our mark upon the Academy, as it has most assuredly left its mark upon us. May we be remembered in the land!

TERROR
ARKANSAS
SEVERN
FLORIDA

CRUISE

HARTFORD
NEVADA
ATLANTA
NEWARK

JUNE FOURTH, AT LAST! No more days till the cruise! Reveille broke into dreams of the June Ball, and 1906 awoke with the happy thought that this was its last cruise. After struggling valiantly with the usual clothes bags and hammock mattresses, to say nothing of two or three parade caps and our non reg clothes, we at last reached the seawall. An air of "what are we coming to?" seemed to be over everybody. Some of us looked happy because we thought starting on a monitor meant a cinch. As for the poor Severn bunch, they could see nothing but thirty days of Poncé!

Well, we got ourselves into launches, and finally shored off—many of us leaving our hearts in the care of the devoted femmes who had come down to wave us a fond farewell. Leaving was all a bluff for most of us, however, as only the Terror pulled out that day. The rest of the fleet stayed over Sunday, so two more liberties could make it all the harder for the married men to leave.

Monday we saw the last of Bancroft Hall and the beginning of what we thought was to be a first class cruise. Before many days most of us began to think it a plebe cruise. That was the idea they attempted to convey to us on most of the ships. The first week was spent in making the youngsters at home and getting down the Bay as far as that haven, Solomon's. The town seemed nothing but a sandy waste, but prosperous farmers across the river had apparently discovered beneficial method of irrigation. Leaving Solomon's we started in to show up the

Army. We captured Baltimore, Washington and Fortress Monroe, the Army getting the decision, most of the sleep and about all the grub. "Yes, sir, I think that is the Puritan standing in now!" Still, they were but *Reserves*. Arthur Meyers, by his great presence of mind, saved the Whipple from being sunk by a mud scow!

We had a chance to make up for some nights of work and worry at Hampton Roads, where we spent a week. All hands went to pay their respects to our old friend, the Chamberlain. The Newark bunch made the biggest kind of a hit with their natty (?) white service. Incidentally, those of us on that same floating home, had to coal ship. Captain Kidd was finally dug out of one of the after-bunkers, when all hands had been called to quarters. Of course, we took in the same old ship yards, the same old shops,—

equally, of course, the same old notes were resurrected for duty.

Leaving the Capes, we got our first sea-going of the year—six hundred miles straight out, before we headed up. A glorious trip! The monitors rolled through 365° at every swell, and all the old standbys manned the lee rail. After nine days of this, we were glad indeed to get into Rockland. Dug, the gentleman of leisure, met us with the glad hand, and bade us make the city our own. All thanks to Tecumseh! Right there most of us spent the greater part of the summer, except for a few little trips up the Maine coast. The Florida went up to Eastport, where we had the honor of taking second prize in a parade on the Fourth. Happy days, with nearly all the first class restricted. Fortunately, however, fishing

was good, and thanks to one bright-eyed little damsel, we managed to enjoy ourselves. The first "battle boat" to visit Eastport since 1898, we were overrun with visitors. We showed them our patent ice-cream freezers, and other curiosities.

The Nevada had a wonderful time at Bangor. The minute we landed there, they handed us free passes to everything, from the charity

bazars up, and the keys to the city. Choke returned in splendid spirits.

As social lights in Rockland, we shone at the Samoset's great naval ball, and at our own little tea fights and dances. Billy and his "Lena Kline" furnished the scandal, and Rees of course went "hog wild." Jack went ashore occasionally to charter the telephone. Almost any Saturday you might have met Archie Stirling with a large package. If you asked him why he was so perturbed he would tell you in his felicitous way: "I was afraid I would have

to wear reg clothes ashore today, but after all, I managed to fool Uncle Ben and bring a decent blouse." "That Newark is !***!!** etc., etc."

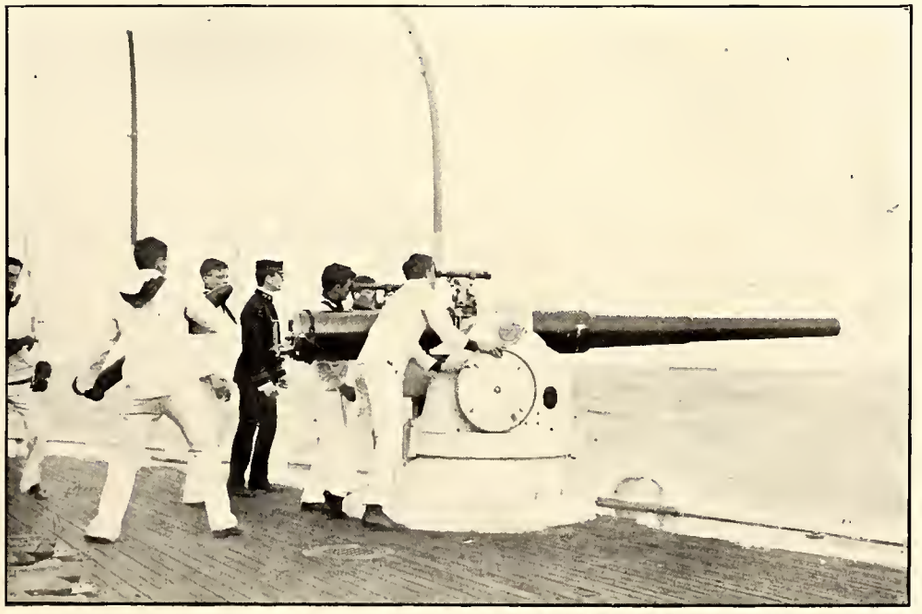
While half of us were thus busy in Maine, the other half, on the Severn and Terror, were down at Greenport. And let us say right here, that all of us, to a man, are ready to rise up and swear by the Terror, her skipper and everybody in the "whitest" ship in the fleet. Captain Fullam went ashore at Shelter Island, to convince the Manhanset House that we were not all Vanderbilts in disguise, and in every possible way treated us as we would be treated. And, during our almost unlimited liberties, the people of the Island fell over themselves to do things for us. Russ, as usual, fell in love with many persons, and managed

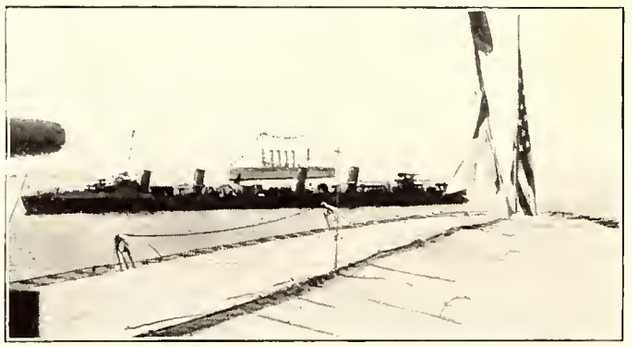
to hire an orchestra in three days.

Incidentally, we did do some shooting —on off days—and Leo took in all the medals.

Early in August they shook us up and shifted us again. Of course the Newark's crowd could not expect to be satisfied, but no one else seemed to have any kick coming. This was especially true of the Atlanta—"Bottoms up, Ricky!"

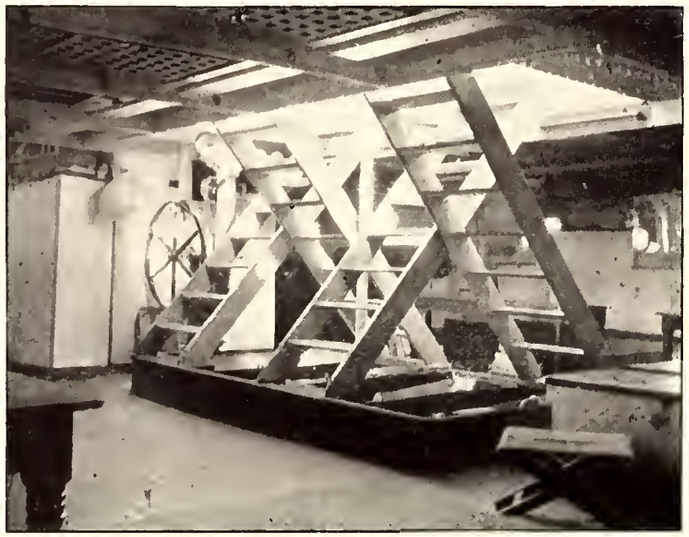
Two weeks later, as Rockland and Shelter had grown quite tired of us, we tore ourselves away from the various attractions, and sailed for the "diamonds in the sunlight" at New London. The same old place we had seen for three years, and of course, the first class got no liberty. We were used to staying aboard, however, by that time.

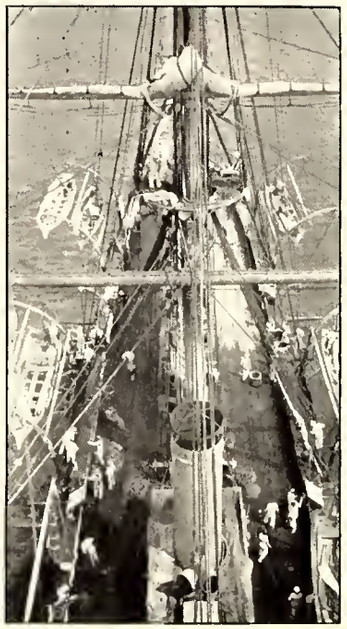




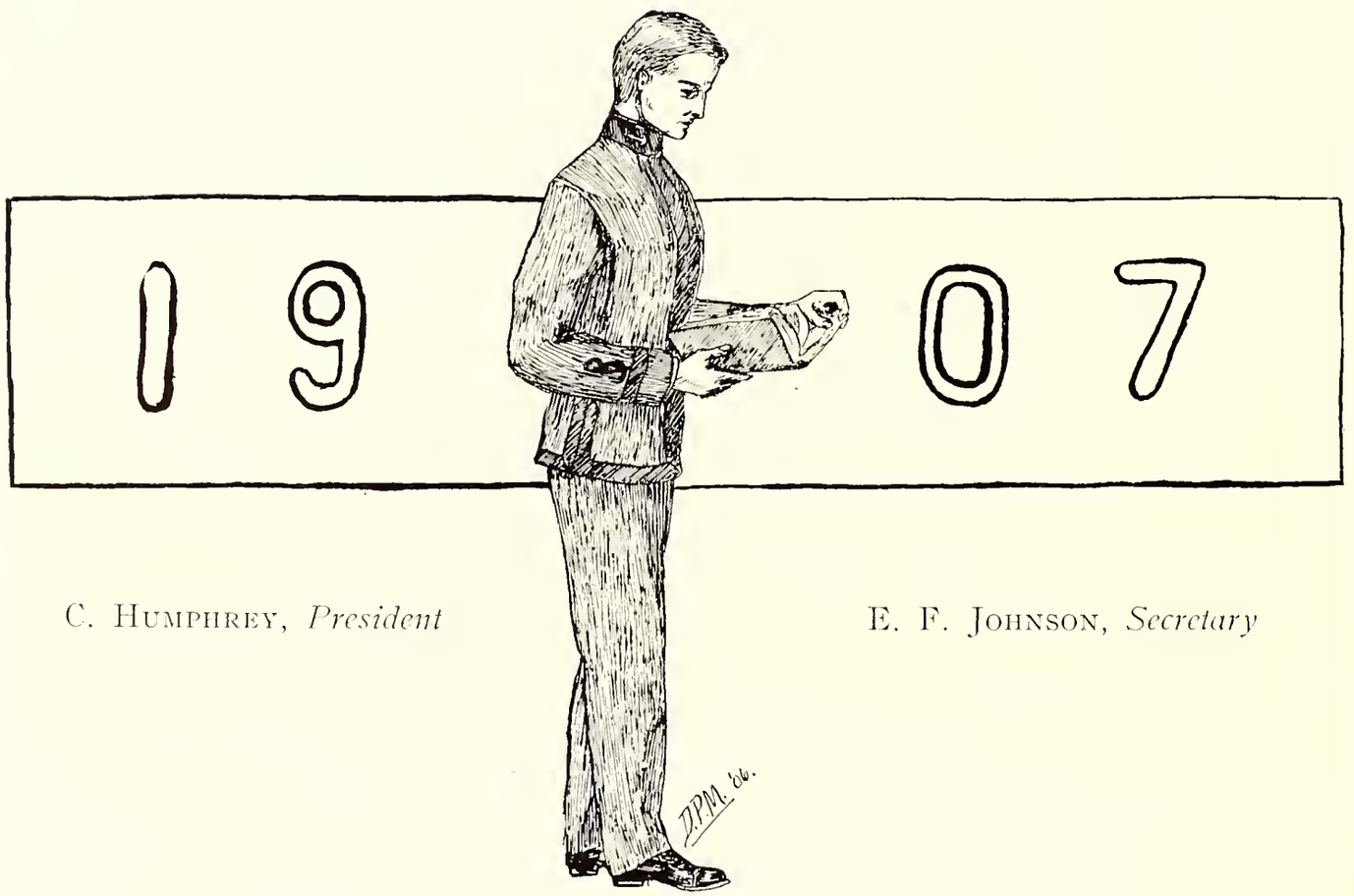
All of us paid a few days' visit to Newport, and our time-worn friend, the Torpedo Station—where the irrepressible John-Henry asked if "this nitro-glycerine is the same kind they put in recoil cylinders?" The city apparently survived the shock of our visit, as we were not overrun with calls from the "frozen-faces."

Again we all met at New London, for our last change of ships. All '06 went to the three wash tubs, and started at once down the coast. That last two weeks was the best part of the cruise, for no one did a stroke of work, except to smoke three sacks of Bull every day. At Washington, during "special ordnance" instruction, we were the nine-days' wonder, Leigh making the biggest hit. We were introduced to "The Prodigal Son," and otherwise distinguished ourselves.





Bunches of ticket agents made things look like leave, and before long we met the rest of the fleet again at Solomon's. The trip up the Bay was nothing but a question of counting the minutes, until at last we came in sight of Annapolis, that garden spot of the world, on August thirty-first. "Tain no mo' cruise for 1906!" Choke donned his tan shoes, Colonel Collinski grabbed his swagger-stick, and away we went for six blissful weeks!



C. HUMPHREY, *President*

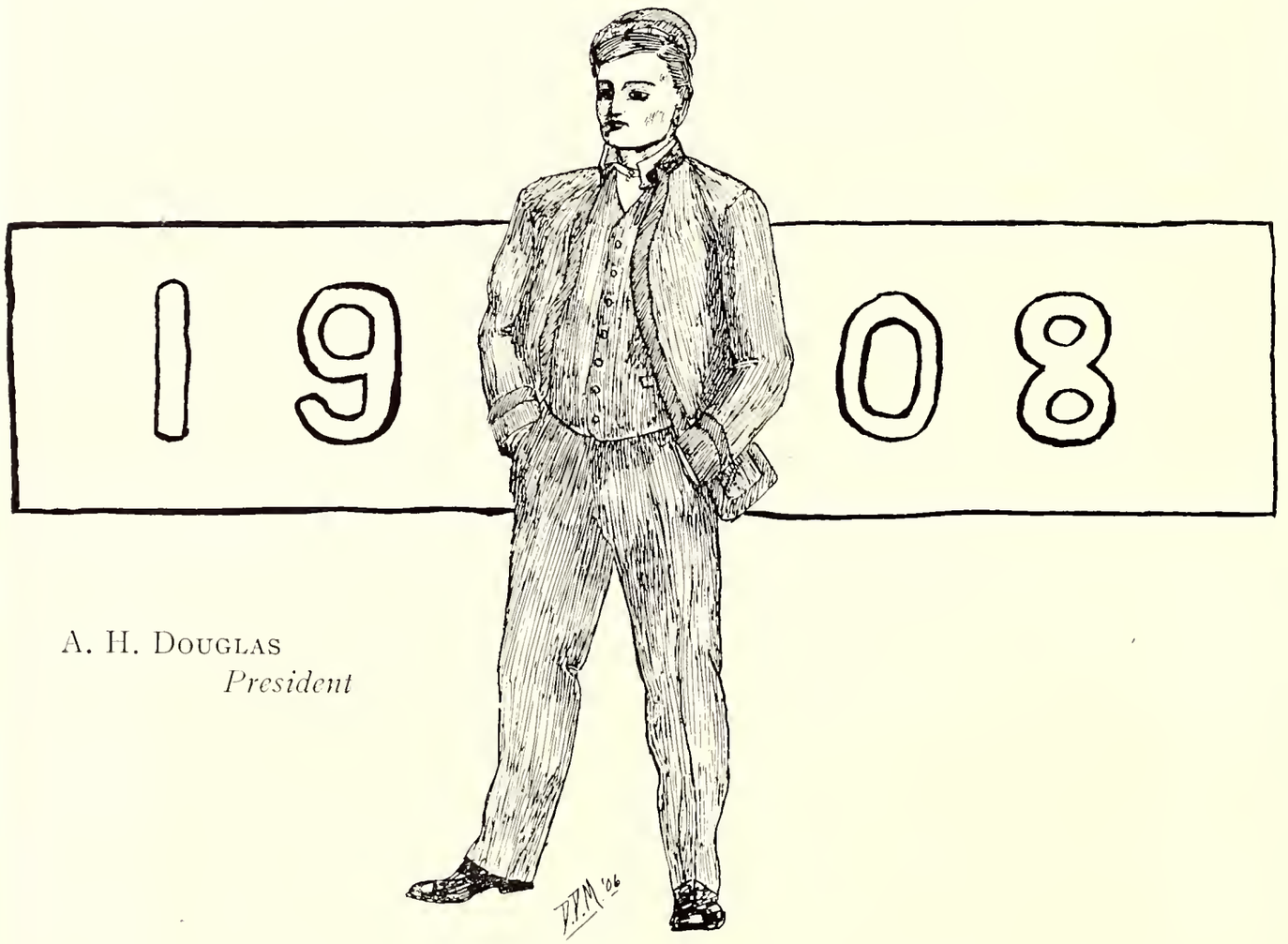
E. F. JOHNSON, *Secretary*

Class Roll

Abbett, Harry Jefferson
Allen, Ezra Griffin
Almy, Edmund Darrow
Amsden, William Faulkner
Atkins, Alfred Walton
Austin, Lawrence Hamilton
Babbitt, Herbert Stephens
Babcock, Frederick Howard
Baer, Joseph
Baker, Albert Asa
Baker, Guy Evans
Barker, George Nathan
Barleon, John Sherman
Bassett, Claude Oscar
Baughman, Cortlandt Chesterfield
Beauregard, A. Toutant
Beck, William Lewis
Beehler, Weyman Potter
Bellinger, Patrick Neison Lynch
Bemis, Harold Medberry
Bernard, Richard Field
Berry, Nathaniel Eichorn
Blackburn Charles Talley
Bowdey, George Hall
Boyd, William Thomas, jr.
Bradley, Willis Winter, jr.
Branch, James Robinson*
Bratton, Leslie Emmett
Brooks, Jere Hutchins
Brown, Alfred Winsor jr.
Bruce, Bryson
Bruce, Baxter Hunter
Burford, Robert Allen
Campbell, Harry
Carpender, Arthur Schuyler
Caskey, Gardner Lemmon
Cassidy, Richard Edward
Cherney, William
Child, Warren Gerald
Clark Charles Robert
Clark, Virginius Evans
Clement, Emory Fitch
Clement, Samuel Averett
Cochrane, William Florence, jr.
Coffman, Richard Boush
Cogswell, Francis
Cohen, Albert Morris
Conditt, John Hill
Copeland, David Graham
Corwin, Arie Alverdo
Courts, George McCall
Crenshaw, Russell Sydnor
Crosse, Charles Washburn
Cruse. James Thomas
Cumming, Jno. Whitlow Wetherell
Cummings, Damon Earhart
Dallas, George Mifflin
Danenhower, Sloan
Davis, Guy Erwin
Davy, Charles Gordon
Dial, Haskell
Dibrell, Aquilla Gibbs
Dichman, Grattan Colley
Dixon, John
Donaghue, Edward Losty
Du Bose, John Wesley
Dunn, Charles Alfred
Dyer, Horace Tyler
Earle. John Bayliss
Eccleston, Wilber James
Edwards, Richard Stanislaus
Emrich, Roy Philip
Evans, Joseph Simpson
Ewing, Edgar Adlai
Farber, William Sims
Farquhar, Allan Shannon
Frank, Arthur William
Frellsen, Raymond Foss
Galloway, Richard Somers
Gearing, Henry Chalfant, jr.
Giffen, Robert Carlyle
Gill, Charles Cliffard
Gillmor, Reginald Everett
Goldthwaite, Faulkner
Greig, Stuart Osmond
Griffiths, Philip Orrin
Gross, Felix Englebert
Gross, Robert Frank
Gulliver, Louis Joseph
Gygax, Felix Xerxes
Hall, James Lowe
Hammond, Philip Huston
Hanson, Ralph Trowbridge
Heim, Schuyler Franklin
Henderson, Elias Heckman
Henderson, Samuel Lenow
Herbster, Victor Daniel
Heron, Kenneth
Hewitt, Henry Kent
Hicks, Will Whinery
Hill, Richard
Hinkamp, Clarence Nelson
Hobbs, Goodwin
Hodgman, William Adams
Holcomb, Franklin Porteous
Holden, Herbert Leander
Holliday, Seymour Edwards
Hoover, John Howard
Horner, Ralph Burroughs
Hovey, Charles Emerson
Howard, David Stewart Hoxie
Howell, James Bruin
Humphrey, Churchill
Hunter, Donald Taylor
Hyatt, Claudius Roscoe
Hydrick, Jacob Lawton
Ingram, Jonas Howard
Iseman, John Edward, jr.
Jacobs, Randall
James, Charles Milford
Jewell, Joseph Warren
Joerns, George
Johnson, Earle Freeman
Johnstone, Harold Halleck
Jones, Claude Ashton
Jones, Herbert Aloysius

* Deceased

Jordan, Leland, jr.
Kays, Harlow Trask
Keiran, Richard Tuson
Keller, Charles Stanley
Keller, Henry Rupert
Kenyon, George William
Keppler, Chester Henry John
Kimball, Lucien Frank
King, Frank Ragan
Kittel, Ernest George
Klein, Jacob Henry, jr.
Knapp, John Harrison
Knauss, Harrison Edward
Knox, Forney Moore
Krakow, Carl Christian
Lafrenz, Walter Frederick
Lagerquist, Frank William
Laird, George Hays
Lando, Ellis
Lauman, Philip Gatch
Lawrence, Willis Woodruff
Le Bourgeois, Henry Blow
Lee, William Henry
Leonard, Emeric Robert
Lewis, John William
Libbey, Miles Augustus
Lichtenstein, Emil Alexander
Lilley, Frederick Pliny
Lipstate, Wadel Abram
Lofquist, Emanuel August
Logan, George Christian
Lombard, Benjamin Russell
Lowell, Robert Traill Spence
Ludlow, Reginald Fairfax
Lynch, Charles McKenna
McCarthy, Francis Peter
McClure, Henry Adrian
McConnell, Riley Franklin
McCormack, Harvey William
McCrary, Preston H.
McGill, Clarence McCutcheon
McKeehan, Louis Williams
McKinney, Stephen Booth
McKittrick, Harold Vincent
McWhorter, Ernest Doyle
Mallison, William Thomas
Manier, Will Rucker, jr.
Martin, Arthur Chester
Martin, Alfred Girard
Mathewson, Rufus Wellington
Maxfield, Louis Henry
Mayfield, Irving Hall
Mecleary, Howard Blaine
Meredith, John Ellyson
Miles, Alfred Hart
Milner, Frederick Wood
Monroe, John Albert
Monteser, Walter Rudolph
Montgomery, Robert Langford
Murfin, Henry Clay, jr.
Murray, James McClees
Needham, Ralph Cutler
Nichols, Newton Lord
Nixon, Warren Case
Norris, Charles Rutter
Norton, Homer Hine
O'Brien, Joseph Manning
Osburn, Carl Townsend
Page, Calvin Percy
Palmer, Rollo Carlisle
Parker, James, jr.
Parker, Ralph Chandler
Payne, Samuel Spottswood
Pickett, Carl
Plummer, Francis Leo
Pousland, Charles Felton
Pritchard, Earl William
Pryor, Francis Davis
Pugh, Chauncey Ezra
Ravenscroft, George Mastick
Read, Albert Cushing
Reid, Shelby Seymour
Rhodes, John Barclay
Ritter, Harold Hofmann
Robinson, Clyde Russell
Russell, Frank
Sampson, Ralph Earle
Scheibla, Louis Collins
Schelling, John Martin
Schuyler, Garrett Lansing
Scott, David Alexander
Seymour, Philip
Shea, John Francis
Sherlock, William Evans
Shirley, Major Cleveland
Shonerd, Henry Gilbert
Simpson, George Wirt
Slayton, Charles Churchill
Smith, Reuben Robert
Smith, William Taylor
Spencer, Herbert Lee
Spruance, Raymond Ames
Starr, Fletcher Coleman
Stevens, Lemuel Mussetter
Stevenson, Frederick Tomlinson
Stewart, Ralph Roderick
Stiles, William Henry, jr.
Stover, Roy Le Clair
Strait, Burton Anderson
Strother, Edmund Weyman
Struble, George Wallace
Swasey, George Truman
Symington, Thomas Alexander
Taylor, Bert Blaine
Taylor, Henry George
Theobald, Robert Alfred
Thibault, Louis Francis
Thomas, Raymond Gaudenz
Thomson, Thaddeus Austin, jr.
Tod, Elmer Wayne
Torlinski, Michael John
Tuholski, Walter Henry
Turnbull, Archibald Douglas
Ulrich, Walter Carl
Utley, Harold Hickox
Van Auken, Frederic Tabor
Van de Carr, James Coe
Van Derveer, Warren Abbe
Vertrees, Louis Logan
Vossler, Francis Alfred Leopold
Walker, Eugene Bonfils
Wallace, William Oliver
Walsh, William Hemmings
Ware, Bruce Richardson, jr.
Watson, Ray Henry
Welte, Herbert Englebert
White, Newton Harris, jr.
Williams, Elmo Harrison
Williamson, William Price
Windsor, Charles Clifford
Woodward, Vaughn Veasey
Wright, Carter Land

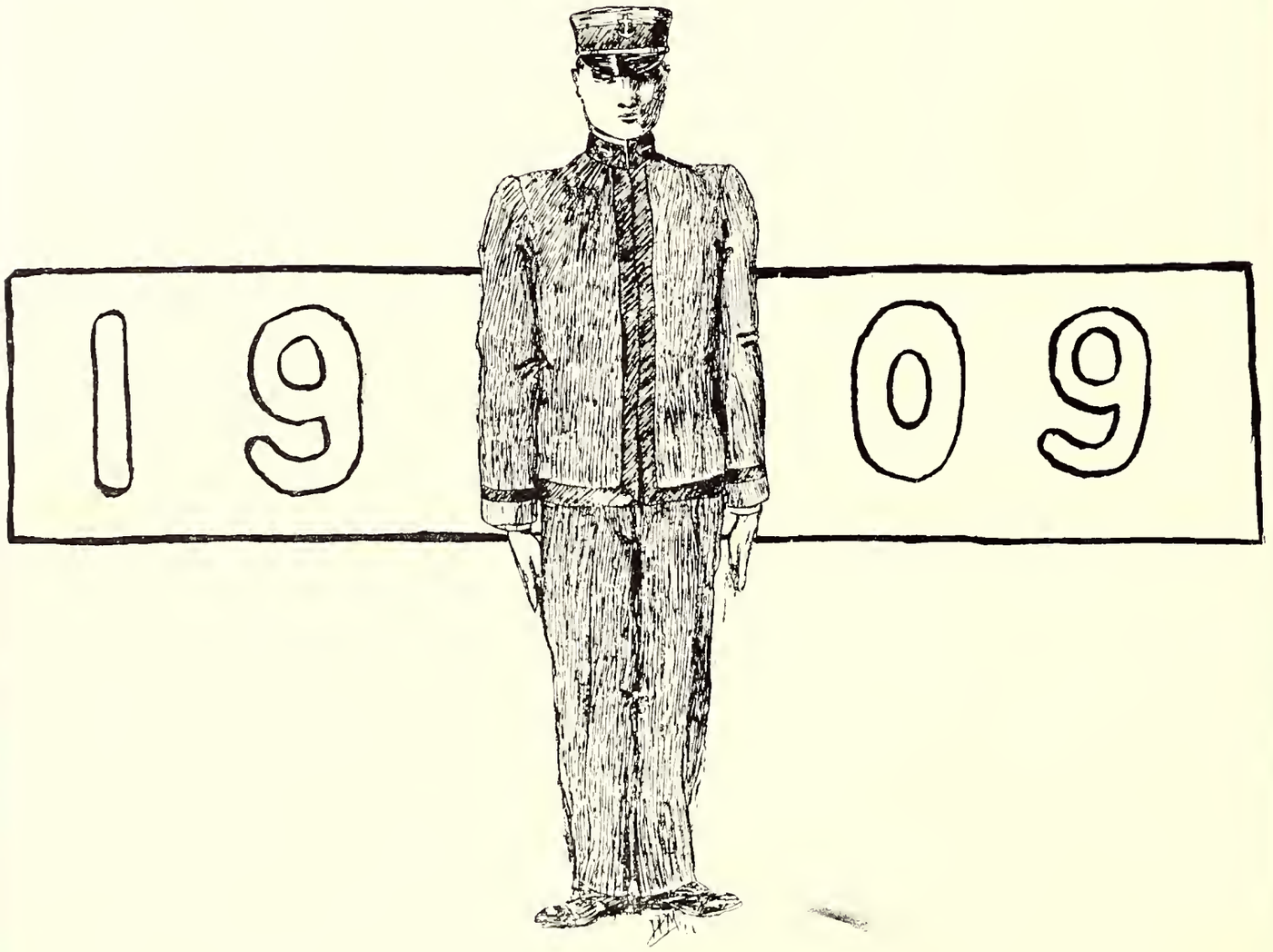


A. H. Douglas
President

Class Roll

Adair, Charles Wallace
Allen, Archer Meredith Ruland
Ames, Eugene
Austin, Joseph Eliot
Bacon, Allen
Badt, Harry Asher
Barnes, Guy Carlton
Barnett, John Walter
Bartlett, William Clifton
Bastedo, Paul Henry
Baush, Robert Oliver
Beanfield, Rufus McClelland
Beardall, John Reginald
Beisel, Fred Cornelius
Belt, Haller
Berg, Frank Robert
Berry, Fred Thomas
Best, Charles Lewis
Bidwell, Abel Trood
Blakeslee, Edward Gervase
Bloebaum, Chester Allan Arthur
Borland, John
Botsford, Owen St. Aubin
Bowerfind, Frederick Charles
Boynton, Harold Walter
Brandt, George Edgar
Brereton, William Denny, jr.
Broshek, Joseph John
Brown, David Lloyd
Brune, Howard Walter
Buck, Ernest Fisher
Buckingham, Earle
Burdick, Harold De Foust
Burg, Robert Andrew
Calhoun, Guy Knight
Campbell, John Clement
Cappel, Clarence
Carmichael, Andrew Williams
Carter, Worrall Reid
Carver, Wilbur Joshua
Cecil, Thomas Jefferson
Chambers, Henry Leslie
Charlton, Alexander Mark
Chew, Francis Thornton
Clark, Carl Crittenden
Clark, Joseph Burnside
Clark, Rensselaer Weston
Cleveland, Harry Ward
Cloud Preston Ercelle
Cochran, Schamyl
Coe, William Gwynne
Coffin, Trenmor, jr.
Collins, Marshall
Comerford, Francis John
Conger, Franklin Paul
Connor, Edward Hollis
Cordiner, Douglas Cambell
Crosby, Howard Hall
Cunningham, John Craig
Cutts, Elwin Fisher
Dague, William Henry
Davis, Charles Henry, jr.
Davis, Henry Frederick Dilman
Davis, Leslie Charles
Denney, Andrew Daniel
De Saussure, Richard Laurens
Dolan, Carleton Mathews
Donald, Harry Gordon
Donavin, Kirkwood Harry
Douglas, Archibald Hugh
Doxey, John Lockhart
Doyle, James Madison
Dreutzer, Carl Ebbe
Ducey, David Francis
Duncan, Greer Assheton
Earle, John Ray
Early, Jubal Anderson
Emmerson, George Harris
Emmet, Robert Rutherford Morris
Estess, Eddie James
Everson, John Horace
Farrell, William Edward
Fay, Rush Southgate
Forgus, Harry Hildebrandt
Foster, Murphy John
Fowler, Franklin Harper
Foy, Edward James
Geisinger, William Morris
Gibson, Holbrook
Gilroy, Cyrus Dorsey
Gorham, George Burton
Gray, John William
Greeno, Loren Walden
Gresham, William Fuller
Guthrie, Edwin
Gwynn, Henry Martel
Hall, William Holland
Hamilton, Frank Grovenor
Hamilton, Henry Clay
Harris, Charles Arno
Hawthorn, William Fenn
Heiberg, Walter Le Roy
Hewlett, George Wilson
Hibbard, Charles
Hickey, Bernard Francis
Hill, Kinchen Leonard
Hilliard, John Columbus
Hird, Harry Booth
Hitchcock, Harry Merrill
Hodges, Lafayette Ligon
Holland, Paul Leach
Hoover, Ralph Leonard
Hulings, Joseph Simpson
Hunsaker, Jerome Clarke
Irish, James McCredie
Jaeger, Ralph Mattson
James, Jules
Janeway, Augustine Smith
Jennings, John Calvin
Johnson, Frank Edward
Johnson, Lee Payne
Jones, Thomas Hardaway
Jukes, Earle Winfield
Kauffman, James Laurence
Keester, George Bennett
Keleher, Timothy Jerome

Kellegrew, Frederick William
Kenman, Arthur Sylvanus
Kemp, Dennis Edwin
Kilpatrick, Walter Kenneth
King, Rufus
Kinkaid, Thomas Cassin
Knerr, Hugh Johnston
Kraus, Sidney Moses
Labhardt, Herbert Bismarck
La Bounty, Selah Montrose
Laizure, Dallas Charles
Lammers, Howard Melvin
Latham, John Campbell
Leahy, Michael Arthur
Lee, Alva
Lee, Willis Augustus, jr.
Lemly, Rowan Palmer
Loftin, Edward Hill
Lowell, Jabez Stubbs
Lucas, Arthur Linford
McCauley, Cleveland
McCauley, Tracy Lay
McClain, John Franklin
McCormick, Eugene Delapointe
McDonald, James William
McDowell, Dudley Howard
McGuire, Henry Davis
McKee, Ernest Wheeler
McNeill, Andrew Byrne
Magruder, Cary Walthall
Marion, Paul Henry
Markland, Henry Thomas
Maupin, Frank Bond
Meade, Everard Kidder
Melvin, George Herbert
Meriwether, Minor, jr.
Mitscher, Mark Andrew
Moore, James Dennis
Mueller, Leo Charles
Muir, Boyce Kitredge
Munroe, William Robert
Nelson, John Arthur
Nichols, Chase Hood
Norton, Edmund Randall
Olson, Allan Gustavus
O'Rear, John Thomas Hazelrigg
Oswald, James Leslie
Owen, William Cook
Page, William Kenneth
Pailthorpe, Ormand Cleveland
Parsons, Henry Ervin
Pashley, William Hubbel
Patterson, David Calvin, jr.
Penn, Arthur Miller
Peterson, Martin Jonas
Peyton, Paul Jones
Pickering, Nelson Winslow
Pierce, Morris Rumford
Piersol, William Burton
Poole, John Littleton
Porter, Henry Hall
Powell, Edward William Beirne
Purnell, William Reynolds
Putnam, Joseph Franklin
Rankin, John Wilkes
Rawls, Walter Irven
Reimers, Christian Albert, jr.
Richardson, Henry Smith
Ridgely, Harry Clark
Rinehart, Evan Urner
Rockwell, Francis Warren
Roelker, Edward Porter
Rogers, Byron Demont
Rogers, Robert Emmet
Ross, Charles Corwin
Rountree, Walter Jefferson
Saufley, Richard Caswell
Schaffer, John Leinbach
Schanze, Albert Keys
Schipfer, Carl Arthur
Searcy, William Williams, jr.
Shafroth, John Franklin, jr.
Smith, Frank Roop, jr.
Smith, James Downing
Smith, Karl Frederick
Smith, Oscar, jr.
Smith, Pierre Lorraine
Smith, Walter
Smith, William Robinson, jr.
Speicher, Paul Ernest
Spore, James Sutherland
Staley, John Bridgeford
Stark, Lloyd Crow
Steckel, Abner Moyer
Stevens, James Garfield
Stewart, Laurance Sprague
Stoer, Charles Herbert
Strauss, Harold Aaron
Sutton, James Nuttle
Thomas, Clarence Crase
Tipton, Thomas Murray
Townsend, Frank Willard
Trippe, Richard Edwards
Turner, Richmond Kelly
Turner, William Woodfill
Vanderhoof, Arnold Hines
Vanderveer, Normand Reeve
Waller, Littleton Waller Taswell, jr.
Walling, Ralph Gordon
Ward, Robert Grover
Warren, Lee Pettit
Waters, Robert Powers
Webb, Arthur Follett
Webster, Fletcher Othello
Welshimer, Robert Ross
West, Clyde Gray
White, Richard Charles
Wickham, Williams Carter
Wilhelm, Ora
Wilkinson, John Cabell, jr.
Wille, Frank Joseph
Willett, Maurice Benjamin
Williams, Francis Marion, jr.
Williams, Raleigh Corwin
Wilson, Eugene Edward
Wilson, George Folger
Wilson, William Walter
Wuest, Richard Walter
Yates, Charles Moulding
Young, Robert Simonton, jr.


19 09

Class Roll

Alexander, Israel M.
Alford, Thalbert Nelson
Alger, Clarence Wells
Allewelt, Robert Levi
Alston, William Ott
Applewhite, Duke
Ashley, John Martin
Bagg, Homer Adolph
Bailey, George Thomas
Barney, Arthur
Barry, James Richard
Becker, John Erb
Beeson, Delmar Harvey
Bennett, Oakley Adair
Bennett, Robert Horace
Benson, Howard Hartwell James
Bernhard, Alva Douglas
Billingsley, William Devotie
Blackwell, Joseph Minor
Blandin, John Joseph
Blankenship, Ernest Joseph
Borchardt, Herbert Reynolds Alexander
Boucher, Creed Haymond
Boen, William Porter
Bradford, Gerard
Braisted, Frank Alfred
Brandt, Edmund Selden Randolph
Brewer, Rowland Hart
Brown, Stuart Southerland
Bryant, Albert Cook
Bunkley, Joel William
Burdick, Harold Stacey
Butler, Henry Mithoff
Butler, William Parker
Bye, Levi Bendick
Caldwell, Edgar Newman
Campbell, John Clement
Campbell, Levin Hicks, jr.
Canine, Stanley Roscoe
Cappel, Clarence
Capron, Webster Allyn
Carey, Lee Cummins
Carroll, Penn Leary
Carter, Frank Saulsbury
Cather, Adrian Bush
Chambers, Charles Fletcher
Chapline, Vance Duncan
Church, Gaylord
Clevenger, Grover Cleveland
Coman, Robert Grimes
Comfort, Roland Marcy
Conlon, Bernard
Cooper, Henry George, jr.
Crowell, Joseph Franklin, jr.
Curtis, Charles Carey
Daubin, Freeland Allan
Davis, Charles Covode
Davis, Roy Henry
Dayton, James, jr.
Dearing, Anderson Chenault
Deem, Joseph Mason
De Mott, Max Burke
Dessez, John Harrison Semmes
Dick, Hasell Hutchison
Dixon, Virgil Jason
Donelson, John Findley
Downer, Delavan Bloodgood
Dresel, Alger Herman
Drew, Richard
Dunn, Lucius Claude
Dysart, Arthur Samuel
Eccleston, Howard Richardson
Ede, Alfred Louis
Edwards, Walter Atlee
Elder, Charles Milford
Ellington, Eric Lamar
Elliot, Richard McCall, jr.
Endel, Solomon
Faus, William Curtis
Fox, Henry Hugo
Friedell, Deupree Julien
Gary, Charles Braxton
Gibson, Holbrook
Gillette, Claude Sexton
Gorham, George Burton
Goulard, Alexander
Grebe, Walter Christian
Green, Fitzhugh
Greene, Oscar Casey
Guiler, Robert Polfok, jr.
Gunther, Ernest Ludolph
Haas, Ewart Gladstone
Haines, Preston Bennett
Hambsch, Phillip Frederic
Hand, Judson Leland
Harris, Joseph Sumpter
Hatcher, Julian Somerville
Hawthorne, William Finn
Haxton, Ralph Glover
Hedrick, David Irwin
Henderson, Monroe Irby
Henderson, Thomas Stalsworth
Hersey, Mark Leslie, jr.
Heywood, Claude Lyman
Hodges, Lafayette Ligon
Hoey, Granville Benjamin
Humbert, George Frederick
Hunt, Ridgely, jr.
Hustvedt, Olaf Mandt
Jemison, John Kell
Joers, Rudolph Joseph
Johnson, Gerald Augustus
Johnson, Lee Payne
Jones, Raymond Edwin
Jungling, Carl Pennywitt
Keep, Howard Sanford
Kelley, Frank Harrison, jr
Kelly, Monroe
Kennedy, Sherman Stewart
Kilduff, William Douglas
Kimbrough, Jerdone Pettus
King, Samuel Wilder
Kirk, Alan Goodrich
Kirkman, Van Leer, jr.
Kitagaki, Asahi

Koehler, Hugo William
Koenig, William Charles
Lang, Frederick Lyford
Lange, Edward Charles
Lanphier, Alfred Young
Lansdowne, Zachary
Leaphart, Harry Arthur
Le Clair, Hugh Pope
Leighton, Frank Thomson
Leland, William Farrel
Lind, William Ludwig
Lindley, Leo Lee
Lindsay, Lemuel Earl
Little, William Taliaferro
Logan, Edgar Arden
Lothrop Cummings Lincoln, jr.
Lucas, Chauncey Armlyn
McCabe, Hugh Victor
McCandlish, Benjamin Vaughan
McCoy, Sydney Russell
McCrary, Isaac Newton
McDaniel, Bernice
McDermott, John Clark
McElduff, Daniel Aloysius
McGlasson, Archibald
McIntyre, Earl Ames
McLaren, Israel Earle
Macfarlane, Scott Bartlett
Maddox, Charles Hamilton
Mailley, Charles Clark White
Maloney, James Dodson
Manahan, Stewart Allan
Manock, Frank Delmore
Meade, Bolivar Vaughan
Meade, Everard Kidder
Merrick, Anson Angus
Miller, Adolph Bradlee
Mooney, Robert Weir
Morrison, Charles Henry
Moses, Radford
Murphy, Joseph Augustine
Nordyke, Horace Williams
Northcroft, Percy Wilfred
Okie, John Brognard, jr.
Oldendorf, Jesse Barrett
Ordway, Earl Prime
Paunack, Robert Rudolph
Peiree, Christopher Dudley
Pendleton, Andrew Lewis, jr.
Platt, Comfort Benedict
Porter, William Nichols
Price, Charles Denniston
Quale, Grant Wilson
Quillian, John William
Raguet, Edward Cook
Redman, Ernest Albert
Reeves, George Newton, jr.
Reordan, Charles Edwin
Rice, Paul Hildreth
Richardson, William Nicholas, jr.
Richey, Thomas Beall
Rieger, Augustine Watchman
Robbins, Josephus Gayle
Roberts, Chester Sayre
Roberts, William Lawton
Robertson, Marion Clinton
Robertson, Robert Stanley, jr.
Rutter, James Boyd
Saxer, John Jacob
Scanland, Francis Worth
Schnack, Peter Christian
Settle, Henry Thomas
Sexton, Floyd Jesse
Shea, Francis Leo
Shreiner, Charles Wesley
Slingluff, Frank, jr.
Sloan, John Emmitt
Smith, Harold Travis
Smith, Jefferson Davis
Smith, William Ward
Spalding, Ralph David
Spiller, Oliver Loving
Stanton, Espy
Stoddard, George Kent
Stephenson, Harry Walter
Strickland, Glenn Beauregard
Stuart, David Hunt
Taliaferro, Walter Robertson, jr.
Thiesen, Rudolph Johannas
Thornton, Robert Edmondson
Tilley, Benjamin Franklin, jr.
Todd, Benjamin Ryan Tillman
Townsend, Lawrence, jr.
Train, Harold Cecil
Trammell, Webb
Trever, George Arthur
Tye, Benjamin Wilson
Underwood, Herbert Whitwell
Van De Boe, Hugh Robert
Van Hook, Clifford Evans
Van Metre, Thomas Earle
Vetter, William Paul
Waddell, Ward William
Waddington, Harold Asa
Weaver, Frank Hill
Wells, Clarke Henry
Welsh, Luther
Weyerbacher, Ralph Downs
Weyler, George Lester
White, Richard Ernest
Whittaker, Hugh
Wilkinson, Theodore Stark, jr.
Winters, Theodore Hugh
Woodson, Eugene Morris
Wright, Percy Talmage
Yates, Junius
Yost, Charles Stanley

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Committee

Russel Willson, 1906, *Chairman*
Robert Wright Cabaniss, 1906
Ferdinand Louis Reichmuth, 1906
Christopher August Russel, 1906
Robert Willsie Spofford, 1906
Charles Washburn Crosse, 1907
Arthur William Frank, 1907
Calvin Percy Page, 1907
Edward William Beirne Powell, 1908
Archibald Hugh Douglas, 1908

Schedule

October 7	December 9	February 24
October 21	December 23	March 24
November 4	December 30	April 21
November 18	January 6	May 5
November 29	January 20	May 19
	February 10	

Choir

Song Birds

Leader, Atkins, L. M.

Gentle Breezes

Anderson, L. B.
Brainard
Miles
Kirk
Lucas
McCrary, I. N.
Shreiner

Fair Winds

Carstein
Baughman
Johnson, E. F.
Le Bourgeois
Pugh

Moderate Gales

Lee, W. H.
Stewart, R. R.
Burdick
Donavin
Drentzer

Thunderstorms

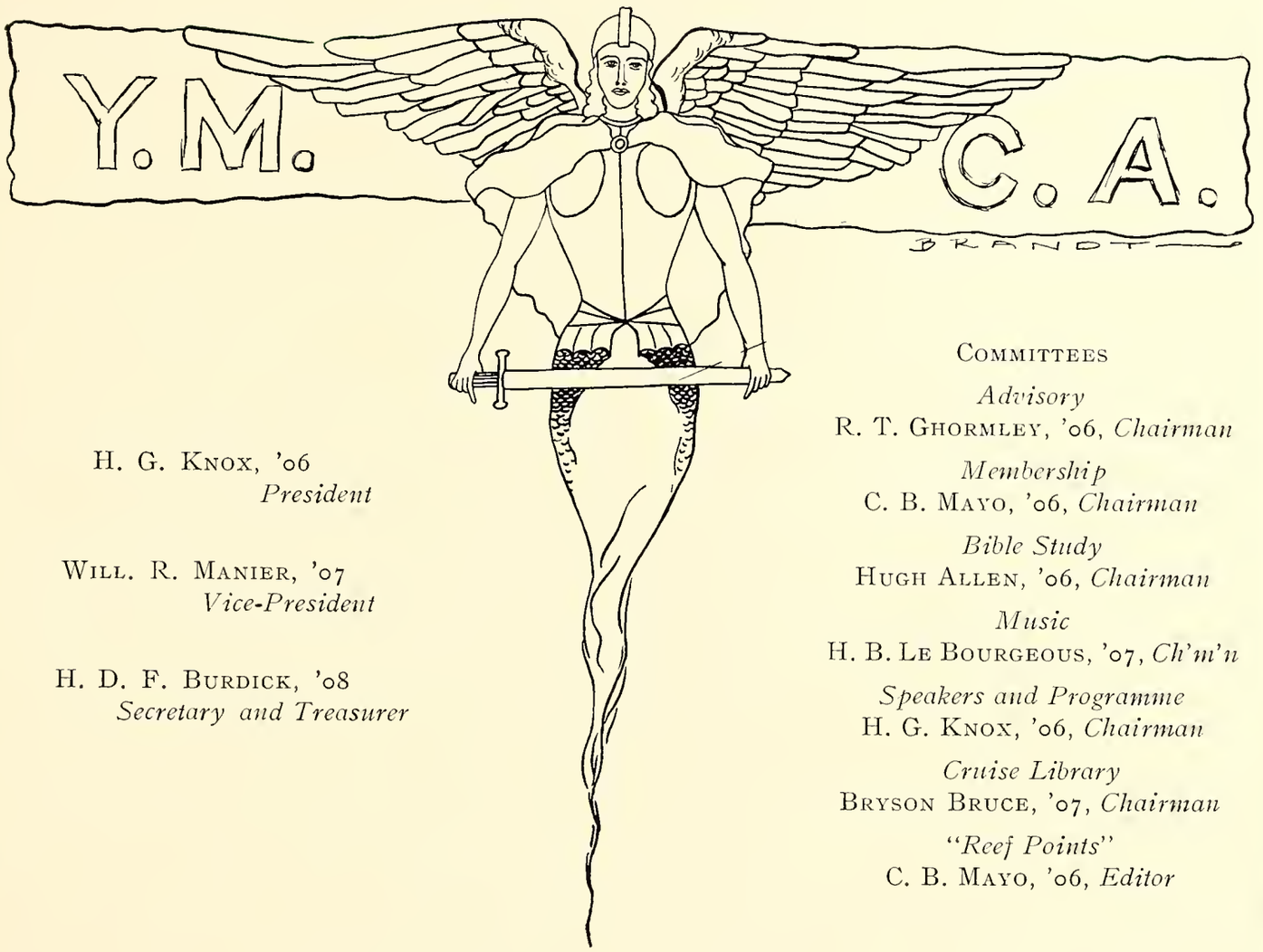
Clarke, W. E.
Crosse
McKinney
Pritchard
Piersol
West, C. G.

Organist, C. A. Zimmerman

Sub-Organists

Maloney, J. D.
Greene, O. C.

God of the Wind and Pleader for Dimes, Reuben Johnson



H. G. KNOX, '06
President

WILL. R. MANIER, '07
Vice-President

H. D. F. BURDICK, '08
Secretary and Treasurer

COMMITTEES

Advisory
R. T. GHORMLEY, '06, *Chairman*

Membership
C. B. MAYO, '06, *Chairman*

Bible Study
HUGH ALLEN, '06, *Chairman*

Music
H. B. LE BOURGEOUS, '07, *Ch'm'n*

Speakers and Programme
H. G. KNOX, '06, *Chairman*

Cruise Library
BRYSON BRUCE, '07, *Chairman*

"Reef Points"
C. B. MAYO, '06, *Editor*

Young Men's Christian Association

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION is the only organization in the Naval Academy for Midshipmen, and, as such, it stands for all the best things that the manifold clubs of the colleges promote. It aims for cleanliness, manliness, and good fellowship. With an active working membership of sixty men and an interested associate membership of almost seven hundred and fifty men, the Association is ready and able to help any man to get the most out of his Academy life.

For its members, the Association does not wish prudes or long-faced saints, but jolly Christian fellows, who are fighting hard the honest fight for good, and are happy in the conflict.

The great objective is a Navy Association: a strong, active organization within the Academy, and a sympathetic and interested graduate Association with its members on every warship helping to uphold those great principles on which the Y. M. C. A. is founded.

ATHLETICS

The Executive Committee of The Midshipmen's Athletic Association

Stephen Doherty, '06	*President*
J. T. G. Stapler, '06	*Secretary*
Lewis Dean Causey, '06	*Treasurer*

Douglas Legate Howard, '06
Laurence Middleton Ewell, '06
Robert Willsie Spofford, '06
Charles Conway Hartigan, '06
Sherwoode Ayerst Taffinder, '06
William Alden Hall, '06
Harry Gard Knox, '06
Harvey Delano, '06
Philip Henry Field, '06
Stephen Booth McKinney, '07
William Burton Piersol, '08

Team Captains

Athletics at the Naval Academy

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, U. S. N., was the first to encourage athletics at the Naval Academy, and since the year 1865, when he became superintendent, steady progress has been made in every department of athletics.

It is not so much with the past as with the present and future that we are interested, and the Class of 1906 leaves the Academy with such teams and boat crews as the Brigade should well be proud of.

The time at the Naval Academy which may be devoted to athletics is so limited that it means hard and consistent work and much self-sacrifice by the members of the different teams in order that the best results may be obtained.

Every member of the Brigade should be on one squad or another, and trying his best to "make good." For it is this spirit of getting out and "staying with them" to the end, that develops the grit that counts in later years out in the service, and is the Navy spirit that enables our young and light teams and crews to carry off victory time and time again in spite of odds.

Football at the Naval Academy is perhaps the most important branch, and is followed with the greatest interest throughout the service. The work of the team this year speaks for itself, and shows that the up-hill climb has been at last successful; and this is largely due to the untiring and loyal efforts of Professor Paul J. Dashiel, to whom the Brigade owes a debt of gratitude that can never be paid. Plebe teams are a reality, and it is hoped that each year means will be taken to get out as large a body of the fourth and third classes as possible, and so develop material that may be worked into varsity form during the last two years. Inter-class football games should become a yearly event if possible, for they give to many men that are interested in football an opportunity to get out and do something. Such games also tend to crystalize class spirit, a point that is very important in the care of the large classes that are now entering the Academy. Inter-class competition should be encouraged in every form.

The baseball team covered itself with glory this year by defeating West Point, and the outlook for next season is a bright one. Doctor Murphy seems to have solved the problem, and the teams of the future should be excellent.

The first and second crews handled a difficult schedule last spring, and came through in fine shape. Mr. Richard Glendon was the coach that accomplished this, and it is hoped that each year more men will go in for rowing and so furnish the material necessary for him to fill the first and second boats. We regret that West Point has not a crew. The plebes should be started at it early and kept at it, and as many as five crews should be in the water every spring. Not only this, but there is no reason why the classes should not take more interest in water sports and hold yearly races in class barges or fours. In fact, water sports of every kind should be encouraged more than they are.

The fencing team was most successful, and won the Intercollegiate Fencing trophy, and there is no reason why a good team should not be turned out next year.

Track athletics came to the front during the year and several successful outside meets were held, and a number of records broken. It is hoped that the policy of holding outside meets may be continued and that a dual meet with West Point can be arranged.

The rifle team wiped out the defeat of 1904 and defeated the Maryland National Guard by a safe margin. It would be well if the team next year could be entered in the National match, or that a match be arranged with West Point.

In looking over the work in athletics for the past year it is seen to have been one of the most brilliant in the history of the academy, and the class of 1906 expresses the hope that the classes will continue to take the greatest interest in athletics and see to it that the standard is kept high and that the word "defeat" becomes a dead letter.

Grateful acknowledgment must be made to Col. Robert M. Thompson and a host of others who have so loyally backed the Navy and have done so much for the Brigade in building up and developing athletics.

In closing, the class of 1906 wishes to say in all modesty that it has won everything in inter-class contests since it has been here, and is frankly proud of the fact, and hopes that each class will try to make the same sort of a record.

FOOT BALL.

FOOTBALL SQUAD

Football

SINCE the main object of our football season is to defeat the Army, the past year cannot be called successful. It did, however, demonstrate our ability to continue the step toward success made last year.

The first active work in the development of material commenced in February, when most of the old squad and many new men took up boxing and wrestling in the Gymnasium, followed during April and May by light practice outdoors. Although this practice and the work in the Gymnasium was great drudgery, it proved a strong factor in the development of a team, and the men deserve much credit for carrying it out.

On September 26, a large number of the squad returned from leave to begin work. A serious set-back was feared, as the Academy was placed in quarantine on account of an epidemic of diptheria, but the Navy Athletic Association arranged to quarter the team in Annapolis, enabling the work to go on.

The first six games, with Virginia Military Academy, St. John's, Dickinson, Western Maryland, University of North Carolina, and Maryland Agricultural College, were all victories, none of the opposing teams being able to score, although we won from Dickinson by a single touchdown. The next game, with Swarthmore, proved the only defeat of the season, the score being 6–5. The Navy team was in poor shape for this game, for four halfbacks and several other men were out from injuries. Penn. State was defeated 11–5, Bucknell 38–0, and University of Virginia 22–0. The last game before that with West Point was with Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Much interest was taken in this game as they defeated the Army early in the season. The result was another victory, 12–6.

On December 2, the Army and Navy game was played at Princeton, under conditions very unfavorable to the Navy. Many of our best plays were not even attempted on account of the muddy field. As was expected, the Army attack was the strongest met during the season.

The man to whom is due most of our advancement towards success is Prof. Paul J. Dashiell. For the past two years Doctor Dashiell has been head coach and has brought the Navy team from a class far below that of the Army team, first, as was shown last year, to one nearly equal, and this year to one which is evident to all is the Army's equal. He was assisted this year by Mr. Olcott of Yale, Lieutenants Bookwalter and Gannon of the Academy staff, and Messrs. Gould, Chamberlain and Rockwell, all Yale men of high standing in the football world. Many graduates also spent their leave at the Academy and helped in the work of the season, among them Lieutenants Karns and Berrien, Ensigns Long and Williams, Midshipmen C. E. Smith, Belknap, Halsey, Farley, Goss, and Whiting.

The West Point Game

NAVY 6, Army 6, when the darkness on the second of December, 1905, brought another contest between the academies to a close.

The Army had the wind, and the advantage in the first half, and scored her touchdown. In the second half the Navy passed the Army's goal line, tying the score, and another game was finished. But it is what those eleven Navy men did down there on Princeton field during those last plays, amid the fast gathering darkness, which forced the Army, fighting every inch, back and over their line, that brought the thousands to their feet, and held them spell bound, and will glow in the memory of every member and graduate of the Academy.

It was the nerve and grit and Navy spirit that was in every man, and made the team come fighting down over a muddy field time and again, until the defense of the Army was ripped to pieces and crushed. It is the men who did this whom we wish to praise, and words are but a poor means of expressing the feelings of the brigade toward every member of the team that fought so splendidly and cleanly for the honor of the Navy.

At 2.36, Decker kicked off for the Navy, and sent the ball towards the south goal to Johnson on the Army's ten yard line, who ran it back to the 30-yard line. The Army had the advantage of a fresh breeze, and Torney at once kicked to our 50-yard line. The Navy then sent Spencer and Ghormley in line plunges for small gains. On the third down Howard kicked, but the wind stopped the ball on the Army's 45-yard line. Torney hit the Navy line twice, but gained very little, and then punted the ball out of bounds on the Navy's 50-yard line. On the next play Spencer made a good yard, but the soggy field was clearly against our fast backs and light quarter, who slipped continually. The Navy was penalized 5 yards for off side, which placed the ball on the 42-yard mark. Howard got off a beautiful punt to Hill, but Woodworth going down the field like the wind, nailed him, and threw him back several yards. Torney kicked to the Navy's 25-yard line, but the ball bounded over Decker's head and rolled to the 15-yard mark. Howard kicked on the third down of the succeeding plays, and the ball was on the Navy's 27-yard line. The Army thought they saw a touchdown, and went at it hammer and tongs—first Torney and then Hill, but the Navy's defense stiffened. West Point was penalized for off side, and then attempted a place kick from the 34-yard line, which failed, the ball going to the right and low. Howard punted out, but the wind stopped it at the Navy's 45-yard line.

Erwin muffed the ball, but an Army end fell on it. In the plays that followed, West Point was penalized for holding, and this brought the ball to the Navy's 48-yard mark. The Army then advanced the ball by hard line plunging, but was brought back 15 yards for holding, to the Navy's 32-yard line. Torney made another attempt at goal from placement. Howard kicked from the 25-yard mark to Johnson on the Army's 45-yard line. The Army again tried our line, but the Navy held them splendidly and took the ball on downs. Ghormley made 5 yards on a fake kick, and then three yards through center. Howard kicked to Johnson on his 53-yard line, and after an exchange of punts, the Army worked the ball by the hardest kind of line backing down towards our goal. Almost every down had to be measured, and every inch was gamely fought, but the Army managed to force the ball over our line and then kicked the goal. The Army stands seemed greatly pleased, but we are glad we had an opportunity later to show them what a "really truly" bunch of noise and flag-waving was like. There was no doubt about the Navy blue loyalty of the west stand. The half was soon after finished.

The game was resumed at 3.57 and Johnson kicked to Spencer on our 5-yard line. Decker tried a quarterback run, but fell in the slippery mud, and Howard was forced to kick to Johnson on his three-yard mark. After an exchange of kicks in which the Navy clearly had the advantage, the ball was downed on the Navy's 25-yard line. Spencer made good gains, and in fact all our back field were feeling their way through the Army's forwards. Our play was fast, and every man was putting up a splendid game.

The Army's defense began to fly signals of distress, and it was really quite alarming the way they were laid out. An exchange of kicks gave the ball to the Navy on the Army's 35-yard line; West Point being penalized for interfering with Decker's fair catch. Doherty, Ghormley, and Spencer whirled through the Army to the 26-yard line, where the ball went to West Point on downs. In the gathering darkness the Army forced the ball back to the 40-yard line, where we got the ball on a fumble. Norton managed to get around West Point's end for six yards, Spencer made seven yards for the Navy on a mass formation, and the Army then held for downs on the 15-yard mark. On the lineup that followed, Howard kicked over the goal line, but the ball was brought back on account of the Navy being off side, Howard then kicked to Johnson who fumbled the ball. The Navy got the ball on the Army's 20-yard line, but was held for downs. West Point carried the ball back 15 yards, and then was forced to kick, the ball going out of bounds on the Navy's 52-yard line. Howard got away a beautiful spiral that went over West Point's goal line, but a foul committed by West Point gave the ball to the Navy on the Army's 25-yard mark. The Navy got together splendidly, and sifted through the West Point forwards in rapid plays. Their first line was forced reeling back by the fierce plunges of Doherty, Smith, and Douglas. The West stand was cheering wildly, but the last few plays were made during a silence that was intensified by the growing gloom. Doherty

got clear from a shifting formation, and carried the ball to the 15-yard mark. Smith made three yards, and Douglas gained slightly. Doherty went through left tackle for three more, and the ball was four yards from the Army's goal. On the next play the ball was given to Douglas, who plunged through the Army's left wing, and carried the ball behind their goal—the trick had been done. Pandemonium broke loose in the Navy stand, and then quieted for a moment as Norton sent the ball spinning squarely between the goal posts—a difficult kick, and a nervy one.

The score was tied—Navy 6, Army 6, and the play was soon after stopped on account of darkness. The crowd that wound its way back to the trains carried with them mental pictures of a great game, and one of which the Navy may be justly proud.

The Brigade wishes to acknowledge its appreciation of the courtesies which were extended to it while in Princeton, and to express its thanks to the University for their very generous hospitality. The line-up was:

NAVY		W. P.
Howard	Left end	Rockwell
Piersol, Northcroft	Left tackle	Erwin
O'Brien	Left Guard	Weeks, Ploors
Causey, Rees	Center	Abraham
Shafroth	Right guard	Christie
Grady	Right tackle	Mettler
Woodworth	Right end	Gillespie
Decker, Norton	Quarterback	Johnson
Spencer, Douglass	Left Halfback	Smith
Doherty	Right halfback	Hill
Ghormley, Smith	Fullback	Torney, Watkins

Referee, Wrightington (Harvard) *Umpire*, Wrenn (Harvard) *Linesman*, Roper (Princeton)

BASEBALL

BASEBALL SQUAD

SPOFFORD, *Captain*

C. C. HARTIGAN, *Manager* McKITTRICK, *Assistant Manager*

STILES, '07, 1st base	NEEDHAM, '07, 2d base	SPOFFORD, '06 3d base
THIBAULT, '07, Right Field	GILL, '07, Shortstop	SYMINGTON, '07, Catcher
McWHORTER, '06, 2d Base	THEOBALD, '07, 3d Base	GOLDTHWAITE, '07, Left Field

Substitutes

HUGHES, '06	COHEN, '07	LOMBARD, '08	DAGNE, '08	HICKEY, '07
FIELD, '06	TOWNSEND, '08	BLOCBAUM, '08	BACON, '07	VAN ANKEN, '07
	WARE, '08	AMES, '08	DOUGLAS, '08	

Baseball Season

IT is needless to say very much about the work of the season in baseball, as every member of the Brigade knows what a splendid record was made. The team was a "corker," and the Brigade is intensely proud of every man from captain to manager, for they all worked hard and showed the true Navy spirit in sacrificing many things to turn out a successful team.

To Lieutenant J. R. P. Pringle and Doctor Murphy the class of 1906 extend their congratulations and thanks for their efforts that contributed so largely to success.

The West Point Game

LAST year, during the merry month of May, a game of baseball was played at a certain point up the Hudson, and people have not yet ceased pointing at the score. A more glorious day could not have been found, and the diamond was surrounded by a crowd that was largely Army, but Navy in spots, and those spots proceeded to make themselves known throughout the game in such a loyal and enthusiastic way that the Navy players will never forget them.

We must acknowledge that the diamond belonged to the Army and we imagine that it still does, for diamonds are usually pretty well tacked down, but everything else soon began to come our way, for it was the Navy's day.

The Army went to the bat first, and Needham in the box for the Navy opened the ball with Rockwell, and the dance was soon in full swing. The first was a two-step, and so Rockwell walked, but of course you must understand that this was simply a graceful

way of paying a compliment to our Army hosts. The accompanying music was naturally largely Army, punctured now and then by the bray of a mule. But what was the use? The shifting clouds across the diamond were truly the handwriting on the wall, for there are those who say that the shadow of an anchor passed over the field. But why deprive the Army of its first gush of happiness? It was perfectly innocent and harmless.

Rockwell was caught stealing second. Winston hit to left and stole second scoring on Groninger's single to left. McWhorter took in Gardner's fly, and with Gill doubled up Groninger at second.

The Navy went to the bat and Gill led off with a single past third, made second on a passed ball, moved to third on Spofford's out at first, and scored on Goldthwaite's drive to left. McWhorter made first on a grounder while Theobald was hit by a pitched ball, and walked, thus filling the bases. Hanlon threw wild to catch Theobald at first, and Goldthwaite and McWhorter came home. Score—Army 1, Navy 3.

You can picture what the Navy spots looked like—they were truly Navy blue, and very noisy, but it was good to hear them.

In the second inning the Army failed to score, and again it was up to the Navy. With one man down Needham was hit by pitched ball. Gill singled to left. Groninger threw high on Spofford's grounder while Needham scored and Gill went to third. Gill scored on Goldthwaite's fly, and McWhorter beat the ball to first, Spofford scoring on McWhorter's attempt to steal second. Score—Army 1, Navy 6.

With the Army at the bat, Lane made a two bagger, which was well fielded in by Goldthwaite. Lane went to third on an out and scored on a double steal. The side was then retired. The inning closed without the Navy scoring. Army 2, Navy 6.

In the fourth the Navy had men on second and third with one man out. McWhorter sent a fly to Rockwell who gathered it in and speedily returned it to Hanlon, catching Gill at the plate—a pretty play.

The fourth, fifth and sixth innings passed without either side scoring—each team playing good ball.

McWhorter made second in the seventh and Theobald singled to center scoring McWhorter. In the eighth Thibault hit safely to center and made second on Wagner's error. Needham then hit a scorching triple, scoring Thibault. Winston's throw to the plate —returning the ball from the three-bagger—bounded over Hanlon's head, and Needham scored. Army 2, Navy 9.

The game was going nicely, and the Navy supporters on the side lines seemed to appreciate the fact, but we had hoped that the score might have been closer—just to make it exciting for that dear old mule in the last inning. But by the by, where was he? He seemed suddenly to have subsided.

The Army team appeared to appreciate our feelings in the matter, and came back in the ninth with a splendid try for last honors. The Army bleechers proceeded to get black in the face, but we really are sorry they hurt themselves so. Wagner singled. Spofford caught Hanlon's fly. Lane walked, and Rockwell filled the bases by beating the ball to first, after a hit to short. Winston drove to center and brought Wagner and Lane home.

The Army backers went wild with joy, and we are truly glad they had this opportunity of showing how very interesting the game was.

It was here that the Navy got together and played the game—every man right in it—and for the man at the bat. Theobald threw Groninger out at first—Rockwell scoring. Needham then ended the game by striking out Bonesteel. Thus ended as pretty a game of baseball as has ever been played between the Army and Navy.

In passing, we wish to express the appreciation of the team for the many courtesies that were extended to them while at West Point.

Below is the column story of the game and the total of no errors for the Navy tells of the kind of play that each man put up.

Army	R	H	P	A	E
Rockwell, *l.f.*	1	1	4	2	0
Winston, *c.f.*	1	2	1	0	1
Groninger, *3b.*	0	2	0	2	3
Gardiner, *1b.*	0	0	8	1	0
Bonesteel, *1b.*	0	0	3	0	0
Hanson, *r.f.*	0	0	0	0	0
Pritchett, *ss.*	0	0	1	1	1
Wagner, *2b.*	1	2	3	2	2
Hanlon, *c.*	0	0	3	4	1
Lane, *p.*	2	1	1	5	1
Totals	5	8	24	17	9

Navy	R	H	P	A	E
Gill, *ss.*	2	2	1	1	0
Spofford, *c.f.*	1	1	2	0	0
Goldthwaite, *l.f.*	1	1	2	0	0
McWhorter, *2b.*	2	1	6	3	0
Theobald, *3b.*	0	1	1	2	0
Stiles, *1b.*	0	1	9	0	0
Thibault, *r.f.*	1	1	0	0	0
Symington, *c*	0	0	6	2	0
Needham, *p.*	2	1	0	3	0
Totals	9	9	27	11	0

Army	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	—5
Navy	3	3	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	—9

CREW

Crew

Captain, Sherwoode Ayerst Taffinder

Manager, William Alden Hall

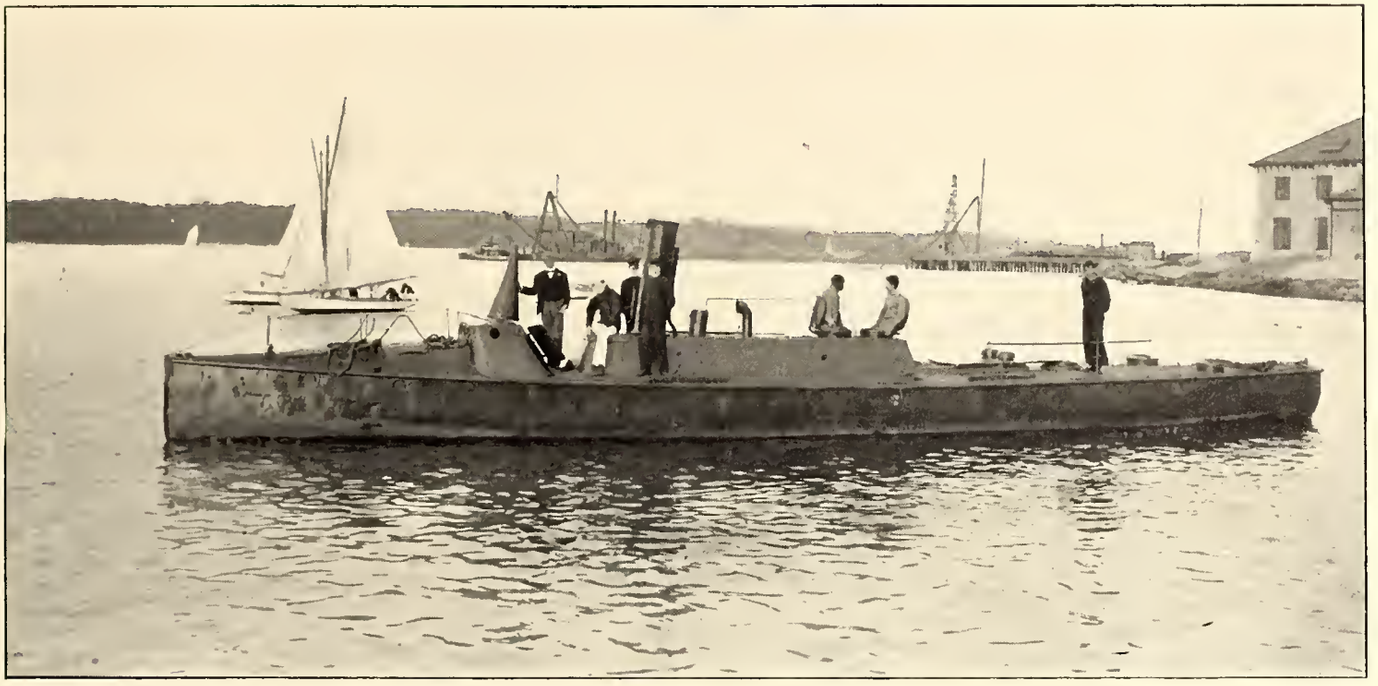
Assistant Manager, Kenneth Heron

First Crew

Stroke	Reichsmuth, '06
No. 7	Taffinder (Capt.) '06
No. 6	Cabaniss, '06
No. 5	Brainard, '06
No. 4	Bradley, '07
No. 3	Drentzer, '08
No. 2	Causey, '06
Bow	Jensen, '06
Coxswain	Wilson, P. D. '06

Second Crew

Stroke	Ingram, '07
No. 7	Bartlett, '06
No. 6	Rockwell, '08
No. 5	McKee, '08
No. 4	Montgomery, '07
No. 3	Glassford, '06
No. 2	Pence, '06
Bow	Johnson, '07
Coxswain	Hoover, '07



The Crew

NEVER in the history of the Naval Academy has the crew had a more successful season than that of last year. Four hard races and victorious in all is a record that few crews can equal. The season began with the Georgetown race. Georgetown hoped to reverse their defeat of the year before, but the Navy crew was too fast, and won easily. The next race was with Pennsylvania, who in spite of the defeat of Georgetown, felt confident of victory. But again, the staying power of the Navy told, and at the finish Pennsylvania was two and a half lengths behind. A week later we met Yale, and once more the Navy shell crossed the line first, which gave particular satisfaction, remembering the disappointing race of the year before. The closest race was with Columbia, on the day of the West Point baseball game. A beautiful spurt in the last quarter mile sent the Navy crew ahead just before the end, and Columbia was unable to meet it.

The personnel of the first crew was the same in all four races; seven of the nine (including the coxswain) from 1906.

The second crew, with the exception of one race, was as victorious as the first crew, while the third crew won its only race by eight lengths. All the races were rowed on the two-mile inner course.

The only disappointment of the season lay in the fact that the crew could not row in the Poughkeepsie regatta, but we hope that in the future the crew will be able to enter.

Too much credit can not be given to the coach, Richard Glendon, of Boston Athletic Association, for his work, since under his management our crew has taken an important place among those of eastern colleges. He is to coach again next year, and with the material left another winning crew should result.

SCHEDULE

Georgetown, April 15, 1905

1st Navy . . . Time, 10-21 2-5
2d Georgetown
3d Navy 2d
4th Georgetown 2d

Pennsylvania, April 29, 1905

1st Navy . . . . Time, 12-04
2d Pennsylvania
3d Pennsylvania Freshmen
4th Navy 2d

Yale, May 6, 1905

1st Navy . . . Time, 11-54 2-5
2d Yale

Georgetown Prep.

1st Navy 3d
2d Georgetown Prep.

Columbia, May 20, 1905

1st Navy . . . Time, 10-03
2d Columbia
3d Navy 2d
4th Columbia 2d

TRACK

TRACK TEAM

HARVEY DELANO, *Captain*

PHILIP HENRY FIELD, *Manager*

DECKER, '06
DOHERTY, '06
WASHBURN, '06
WILLIAMS, '06
AIKEN, '05
TURNER, R. K., '08
LAUMAN, '07
ABBETT, '07
OSWALD, '08
HUNSAKER, '08
BURDICK, '08
BURG, '08
HENDERSON, S. L., '07
LYNCH, '07
MERRIWEATHER, '08
MCCONNELL, '07
OLDING, '06
HOLCOMB, '07
PURNELL, '08
BURFORD, '07
SHAFROTH, '07

Track

PREVIOUS to 1904, only inter-class track meets had been held at the Naval Academy, and generally but few records were broken. In the spring of that year, however, a meet was arranged with Lafayette College, resulting in a victory for the Navy and the discovery of a large amount of undeveloped material. Officers and midshipmen began to take greater interest in this branch of athletics, and in 1905 a large number of candidates from all classes appeared, insuring the success of the team as a whole.

By steady and consistent work under the coaching of Mr. Finneran, formerly of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, the team was rounded into shape for the dual meet with Lafayette. The Navy won 83 points to Lafayette's 13, and seven records were broken.

The second dual meet was held with Haverford, and the Navy once more came out victorious. Eight records were broken in this meet, and excellent work done in every event.

The increased interest aroused by these outside meets resulted in what was perhaps the most successful year in the track history of the Naval Academy, and to the captain and members is due great credit for their efforts. A meet with West Point is greatly desired by everyone interested, and it is hoped that the excellent showing made by the team of 1905 may result in an annual contest between the service academies.

Lafayette Meet

EVENT	WINNER	TIME
100-yard Dash	Washburn, *N*	10⅗ sec.
220-yard Dash	Burg, *N*	23 sec.
440-yard Run	Colliton, *L*	*52⅖ sec.
880-yard Run	Colliton, *L*	*2 min. 5 sec.
Mile Run	Rankin, *N*	*4 min. 45 sec.
120-yard Hurdles	Decker, *N*	*16 sec.
220-yard Hurdles	Decker, *N*	*27⅕ sec.
Pole Vault	Abbett, *N*	10 feet
Shot Put	McConnell, *N*	35 ft. 10½ in.
Hammer Throw	Doherty, *N*	95 ft. 7½ in.
Broad Jump	Burg, *N*	*20 ft. 9 in.
High Jump	Lauman, *N*	*5 ft. 9½ in.

**Record broken.*

Haverford Meet

EVENT	WINNER	TIME
100-yard Dash	Washburn, *N*	10⅕ sec.
220-yard Dash	Washburn, *N*	23 sec.
440-yard Run	Purnell, *N*	*52⅘ sec.
880-yard Run	Delano, *N*	2 min. 6⅕ sec.
Mile Run	Tattnal, *H*	4 min. 52 sec.
120 Hurdles	Brown, *H*	*15⅘ sec.
220 Hurdles	Decker, *N*	*27⅗ sec.
Pole Vault	Abbett, *N*	*10 ft. 2½ in.
Shot Put	McConnell, *N*	*36 ft. 7½ in.
Hammer Throw	Jones, *H*	*117 ft. 5 in.
Broad Jump	Burg, *N*	*21 ft. 1¾ in.
High Jump	Lauman, *N*	*5 ft. 7 in.

**Record broken.*

FENCING

TEAM

H. G. KNOX, '06, *Captain*

ALEXANDER SHARP, '06 DICKMAN, '07

SUBSTITUTES

CRENSHAW, '07 STOVER, '07

Fencing

Dual Meets

January	21	Washington Fencers' Club 5, Navy 4
February	4	Philadelphia Fencers' Club 7, Navy 8
February	18	University of Pennsylvania 3, Navy 6
February	25	Columbia University 4, Navy 5
March	11	Cornell University 4, Navy 5

The Intercollegiate Foil Contest, held at New York Athletic Club on March 24 and 25, resulted as follows:

Navy	won 39 bouts
Army	won 37 bouts
Columbia	won 33 bouts
Cornell	won 32 bouts
Pennsylvania	won 21 bouts
Harvard	won 17 bouts
Yale	won 10 bouts

Each man on the Navy team won thirteen bouts.

The season of '04-'05 was a season of hard work from an early start. With the one ambition, that of winning the intercollegiate tournament, for a goal, interest could not wane. Excellent practice in fencing in public was obtained from the Wednesday afternoon contests among ourselves and in matches with outside teams

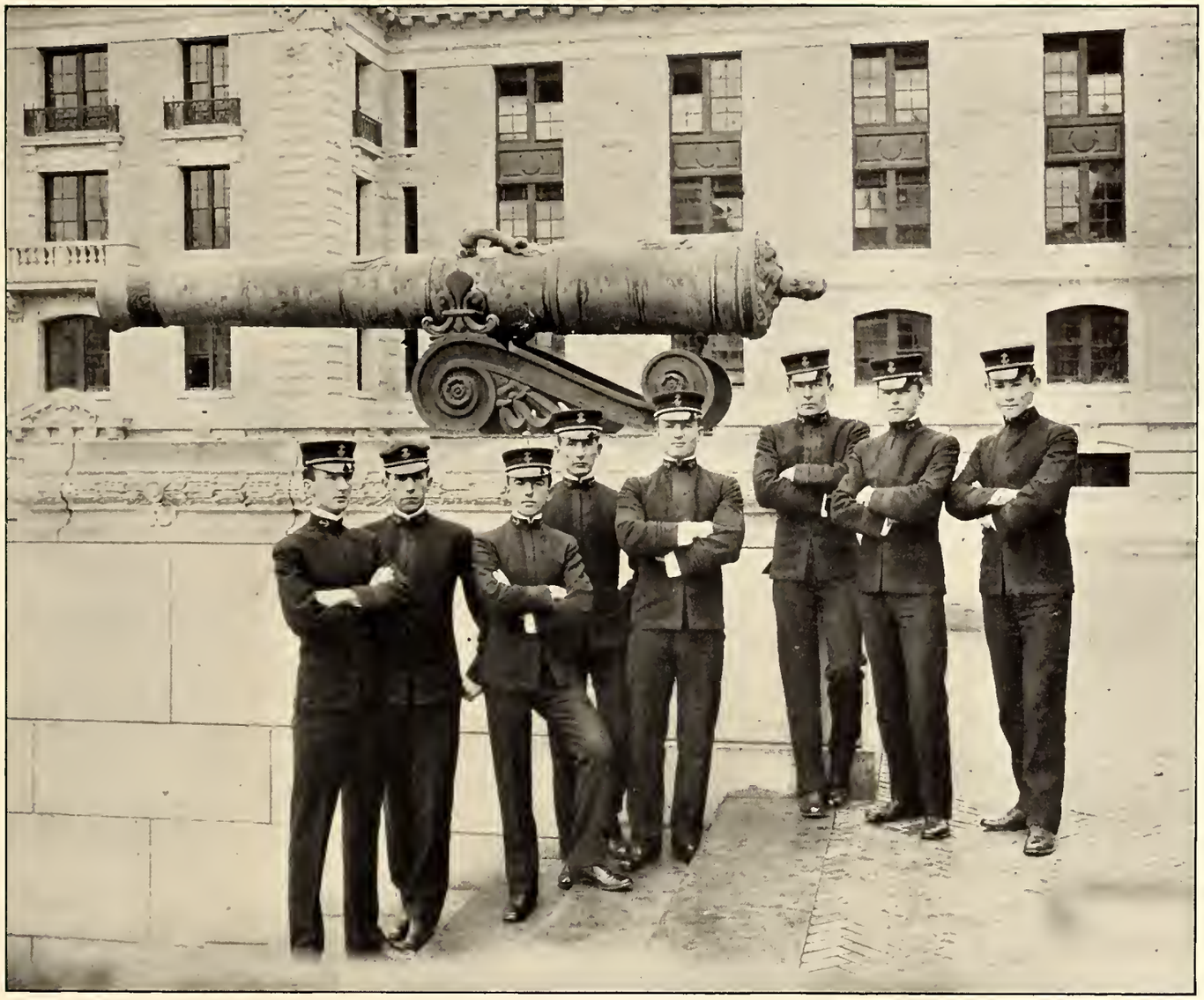
of experienced men. This gave the confidence necessary in a sport like fencing, where the contestant has to depend upon himself alone.

Thanks to Mr. Cunningham who made the arrangements for the foil, sabre, duelling, sword and cane events, this practice in public was secured. The cane and sabre melées—though hard on the knuckles and shoulders—made the afternoons more interesting to the spectators and stimulated team rivalry.

The advantages of a training table and a good sprint around the armory every evening helped to put the team in the physical condition necessary to endure the two-days' strain of continuous fencing in New York.

The trip to New York for the intercollegiate meet was a pleasure in more ways than one. We left here on Thursday afternoon and arrived at the Plaza that evening. The first bouts took place Friday evening, and our team was fortunate enough to gain a good lead. Saturday afternoon we met the Army, winning five bouts from them and that evening one more, making six won to three lost. At the conclusion of the tournament the Navy was ahead with 39 bouts won, West Point second with 37 to her credit.

RIFLE TEAM



STAPLER, '06, *Captain*

AMSDEN, '07 OSBORN, '07 CALHOUN, '06
HEIBERG, '08 LEE, W. A., '08 STOVER, '07

Substitutes

METCALF, '06 WHITE, R. A., '06

Rifle Team

THE rifle team is not of long standing at the Naval Academy, but we hope that every effort will be made to encourage shooting, and that, in the future, strong support will be given to the rifle team.

A large squad was gotten out early last spring, and steady practice kept up during March and April to get in condition for the meet with the Maryland National Guard. We also hoped to enter the National match at Sea Girt, but in the end were unable to do so on account of the cruise. We were able, however, to accomplish our first object, and defeated the National Guards' team on May 13, 1905.

We hope that next year the team will be entered for the National meet at Fort Riley, and that a match may be arranged with West Point. The new rifle gallery should help greatly in trying out candidates for the team, and in preliminary work for the range.

A revolver team should be organized in connection with the rifle team, and be ready to participate in any matches that can be arranged.

We wish to express our thanks to Lieut. Provoost Babin, U. S. N., for all that he did for the team, and it was entirely due to his efforts that we were able to successfully meet the Maryland National Guard. We want also to acknowledge the coaching of Lieutenant Sayles and others who were interested in our success, and to thank Commander Fullam, U. S. N., for the aid and encouragement which he gave us.

Entitled to Wear the "N"

Football (Yellow)

Rees, '06
Aiken, '06
Howard, '06
Grady, '06
Doherty, '06
Metcalf, '06
Cabaniss, '06
Welch, '06
Decker, '06
Smith, R. F., '06
Douglas, '08
Chambers, 09
Piersol, '08
McConnell, '07
Woodworth, '06
Causey, '06
Ghormley, '06
Norton, '07
Spencer, '07
Bernard, '07
Dagne, '08
Northcroft, '09

(Second)

Keene, '06
Reichmuth, '06
Hickey, '06
Martin, '07
Needham, '07
McKinney, '07
O'Brien, '07
Jones, '07
Shafroth, '07
Townsend, '08

Crew (Red)

Brainard, '06
Bradley, '07
Jensen, '06
Causey, '06
Taffinder, '06
Hoover, '07
Drentzer, '08
Cabaniss, '06
Reichmuth, '06
Wilson, P. L., '06

(Second)

Bartlett, '06
Pence, '06
Glassford, '06
Adams, '07
Homer, '07
Johnson, E. F., '07
Harter, '06
Rockwell, F. W., '08
McKee, E. W., '07
Meyers, '06
Montgomery, '07
Ingram, '07

Fencing (Grey)

*Knox, '06
*Sharp, '06
*Dickman, '07

(Second)

Utley, '07
Ross, '08
Crenshaw, '07
Bassett, '07
Stover, '07
Iseman, '07

Baseball (White)

Field, '06
*Needham, '07
*Goldthwaite, '07
*Spofford, '06
*Theobald, '07
*Stiles, '07
*McWhorter, '06
Cohen, '07
*Symington, '07
Hughes, '06
*Gill, '07
*Thibault, '07

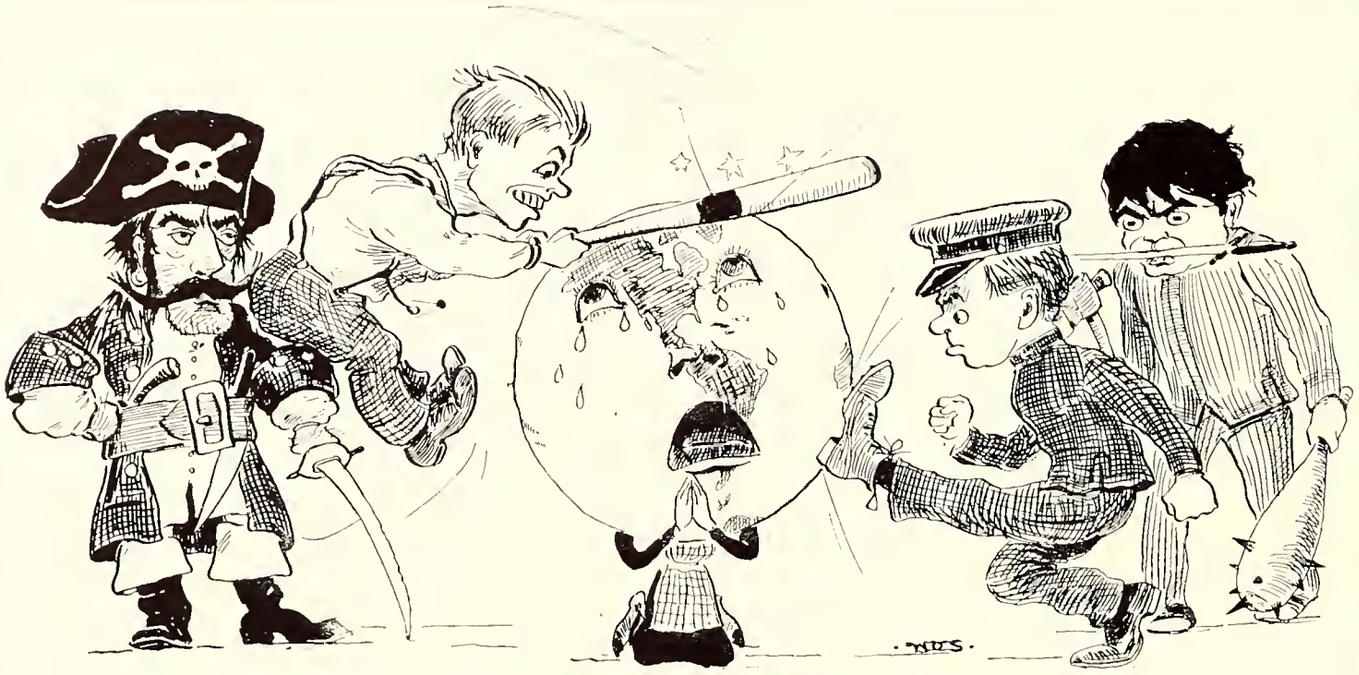
(Second)

Russell, '06
Ware, '08
Douglas, '08
Hall, W. A., '06
Ames, '08
Hickey, B F., '08
Spencer, '07
Bacon, '08
Lombard, '07
Van Anken, '07
Blocbaum, '08
Townsend, '08
Dagne, '08

Track (Green)

Wi liams, '06
Doherty, '06
Burg, '08
Decker, '06
Washburn, '06
Purnell, '08
Delano, '06
Rankin, '08
Burford, '07
Taffinder, '06
McConnell, '07
Abbett, '07
Chambers, '06
Lauman, '07

SOCIETIES



KNOCKERS

In Charge of the Pile Driver, HAYES
Weilder of the Sledge, LOWE
Club Expert, BARKER

Hammer Throwers

MILLER WALLACE HOWE GRAVES

Motto: "Down with everything."

GREASERS

His Sliminess, COLLINS

Chief Slush Slinger, FITCH

Head Oiler, HICKEY

Soft Soapers in ordinary

MCDONALD BARTLETT COFFIN

Motto: "More Slush"

RED MIKES

Most Shy, HOWARD *†§

Next Scared, MANLY

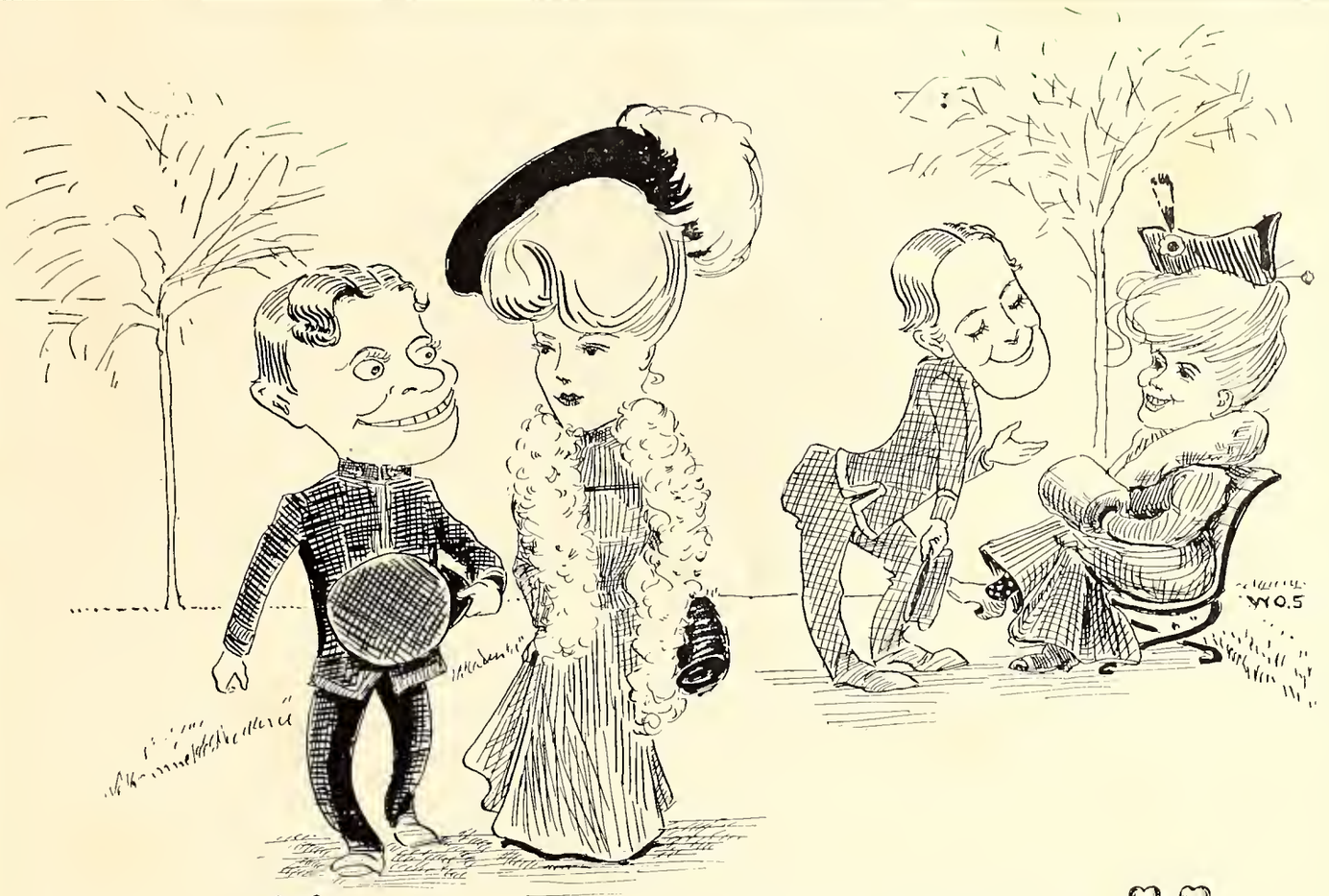
Still More, SHARP

Then Some

TAYLOR ALLEN W. E. HALL

Motto: "Away with the Dowagers"

* Reduced to the ranks Oct. 1. † Bilged from the order Sept. 1. § Elected chairman of the "Fussers" Sept. 5.



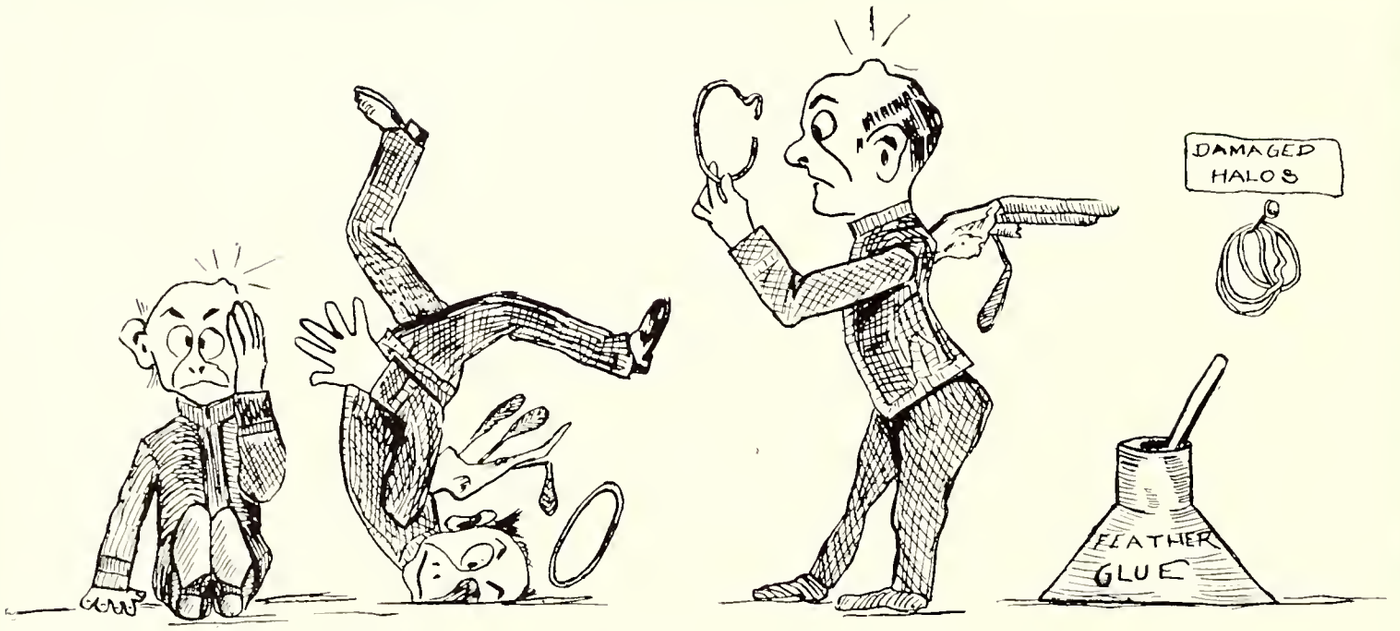
"FUSSERS"

The Main Squeeze, R. W. Cabaniss
Grand Vizier, Russel Willson
Heart Breaker Extraordinary, J. F. Newton
Would-be-constant but can't, Rees
Greaser of the Mighty, H. K. Aiken

Wind Peddlers

F. Noyes Woodruff Glassford

Motto: "Cut out the dew-berries"



FALLEN ANGELS.

His Dethroned Majesty, NOYES

Beelzebub, ARMSTRONG

Cerebus, FITCH

Imps

JENSEN BEAN WALLACE CAKE

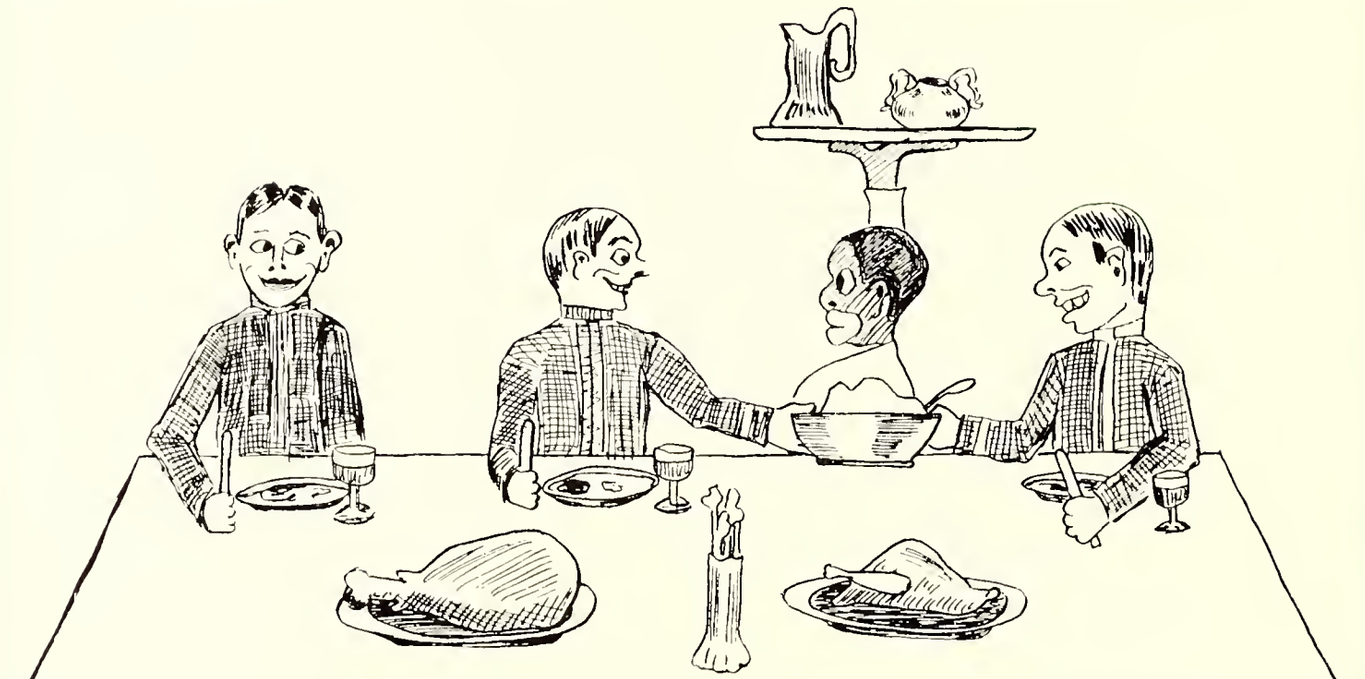
Motto: "From morn till noon he fell,
From noon till dewy eve."

Chief Goo Goo, ARMSTRONG
Tootsie Baby, WHITE
Precious One, DECATUR

Yowlers

MAYO CAKE STILES

Motto: "Just as long as the milk holds out."



FULL DINNER PAIL.

Chief Tank, KIDD

Always Hungry, DAVIS

Stuffers in ordinary

NOYES FIELD SMITH, R. F. GRADY EWELL

Motto: "Give us some more"

Class Supper.

Banquet of Class of 1906 U. S. N. A., New Williard Hotel, Washington, D. C., September 24, 1904

The Class Supper

THE Class of 1906 has always eagerly embraced any opportunity of getting together to become better acquainted. Such an opportunity presented itself on the occasion of the class supper, and was taken advantage of by the majority of the class.

We all gathered together in Washington the last night of second class leave determined to do ample justice to the articles enumerated on the elaborate menu, as well as to be entertained by the flow of wit and eloquence of the speakers.

The table and room were artistically decorated and the banquet well served. The quantity of foliage supplied brought fond memories of the farm to many—Barker, especially, being so strongly effected that he could not resist a "roll on the green."

The toasts were as brilliant as long hours of thought (?) could make them, and were all received with clamorous outbursts of enthusiasm from Collins and others. In fact, this very audible enthusiasm was one of the most prominent features of the occasion.

The supper passed all too rapidly, and after a stirring toast to the class by our president, we separated to our many ways with the knowledge of an evening well spent.

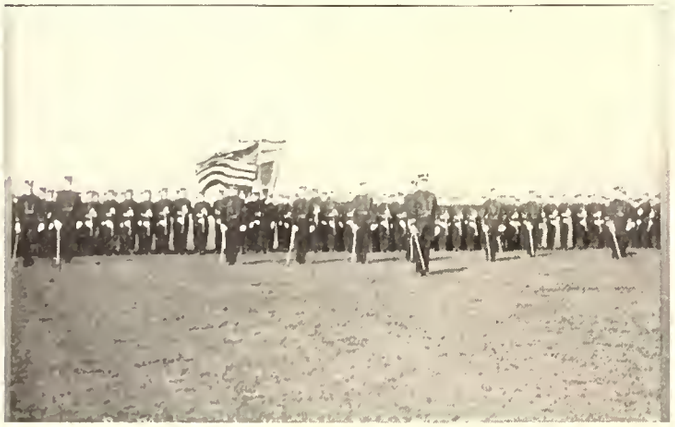
Committee

THOMAS WITHERS, Jr., *Chairman*
CHARLES McK. LYNCH, *Secretary and Treasurer*
WILLIAM P. HAYES GEORGE F. KEENE RICHARD R. MANN

Toasts

ROY FRANCIS SMITH, *Toastmaster*

H. G. KNOX, *The Navy*
RUSSEL WILLSON, *The Navy Girl*
W. C. BARKER, *The Service*
S. WESTRAY BATTLE, *Athletics*
R. W. SPOFFORD, *Our Heroes*
W. A. GLASSFORD, *The Academy*
H. B. RIEBE, *The Santee*
W. DRAKE, *The Cruise*
C. C. HARTIGAN, *Leave*
R. C. GRADY, *The Class of 1906*



NAVY
MISCELLANEOUS
WALTER SMITH

An Ode to Differential Calculus

God bless thee, noble Calculus,
Woolsey Johnson's simple art,
I boned thee when a Youngster,
With the fullness of my heart.

I started with a function $f(x)$,
A thing that really is
Dependent on another
For the very life it lives.

Next came rates of varying and constant magnitudes,
Then dy's and dx's that seem always to intrude
Just where you don't want them, and you never can descry
Their reason or their wherefore or their why.
Now a constant coefficient to differentiate
Then dy on dx, which equals tangent ϕ,
A fact that troubles Middies,
Good old Woolsey can't see why.

We differentiate a square,
Then we try square roots,
Here we have a "prob" or two
With circles looping loops.

Now we deal with products and quotients by the score—
They throw them at us thick and fast—it really makes us sore.
Now logarithmic functions and logarithmic curves—
I can not exponentiate, I've really lost my nerve.

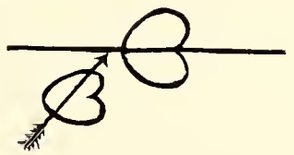
Here they are with circles
And a $-\theta-=s$
$x^2+y^2=a^2$
Some merry little jest (?)
An inflexion waves majestic past,
I think it is convexion.
Here's a letter *s*, by gad!
It looks like an inflexion.

Equicrescent variables that should never have been born.
Pretty indeterminates with illusory form.
$\int\int\int$, a thing that never stops,
Reminds us of a pair we see at all the Middies' hops.

Maximos and minimos
And Taylor's theorams;
Next Napier, the nut, butts in
And Maclaurin's "also rans."

Now we'll try a curve or two
With great long asymptotes.
Then we'll call old Diocles
With his cissoids for a joke.

Here we have a cardiod



For every aching .....
And a four-cusped hypo-
cycloid
To end our differential art.

The Mess Hall Boy

Here behold the Mess Hall boy:
Speak to him by any name—
Bias, Brice, their thirteen brothers—
Parker, Brown,—they're all the same.

As you see him in the picture—
Dishes piled upon a tray,
In his out-stretched hand, three pitchers—
So we have him, every day.

If by chance we should feel hungry,
And should stop him on his way,
Ask for spuds, or milk, or butter—
"Tain' no mo' " is all he'll say!

L 'Alegro

Hence loathed steam,
Of Gow and Barton born
In places dark, at times forlorn
Midst books and plates and musty sheets.
Seek out some other hell
Where eager youth is crushed to earth
Being in thy study forced to dwell.

And with thee take, as e'en more foul,
To haunts where mopes the gloomy ow[1]
That awful calc. whose forms obscure
Naught of their meaning show
To mortals cursed by thy embrace
Who vainly strive thy truths to know.

And in thy train let Nav. be found
That subject which emeshes 'round
A wearied brain, worn out by work
And leaving naught within
But empty void and chaos dark
Reduces all to ceaseless din.

The Girl on the Other Side

I.

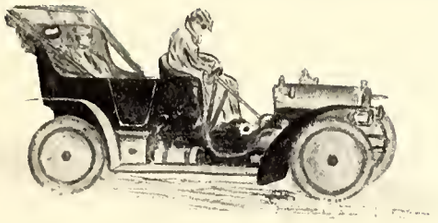
The girl that sits on the other side,
Yet hopes for the sweep of the Navy tide,
Is one we toast with silent praise,
And one to whom our hats we raise.
The fates by chance cast there her seat,
With Army friends she's forced to treat.

II.

No doubt they capture her Navy flag,
But the heart is another thing to tag.
There she stands, both straight and tall,
Leaning, perhaps, on her parasol.
With the throb of the game in every vein
She is bound to us by a linkless chain.

III.

Our plays swing through to the Army goal,
And now she cheers with all her soul,
And cheers, and cheers for the Navy blue
As only a Navy girl can do.
Such loyalty is the Navy's boast—
To her we rise to a silent toast.



The Busted Bubble

(A PLAY)

ACT I.

Time: The fatal hour of ten
When Mids the giddy hop must part
And for their ship make gallant start.

Scene: A shady nook with ivy bound,
And music stealing soft in sound.
The moon is full, and sheds its rays
With magic touch through dreamy haze.
Two Mids are mumbling phrases sweet
To maidens fair in this retreat.
The glimmering waters, the ships beyond,
Furnish a subject forever fond.
The fates a deadly web have spun.
The hour is late, the minutes run.
"By my buzz!" cries one, "there goes our
boat!
We are lost, my boy! Oh, just take note!"
"Alas! alas!" the girls do cry,
"It is our fault, but do—do try
To gain the ship and explain away
The ugly pap for this delay!"

ACT II.

The music ceases. The night owl hoots;
An automobile with plaintive toots
Whirls by the guests and then is gone
Leaving behind two maidens forlorn
Who catch their breath and from the gate
Turn, murmuring sadly, "They're late,
They're late!"
With muffled roar, this car of haste
Tears wildly on, no time to waste.

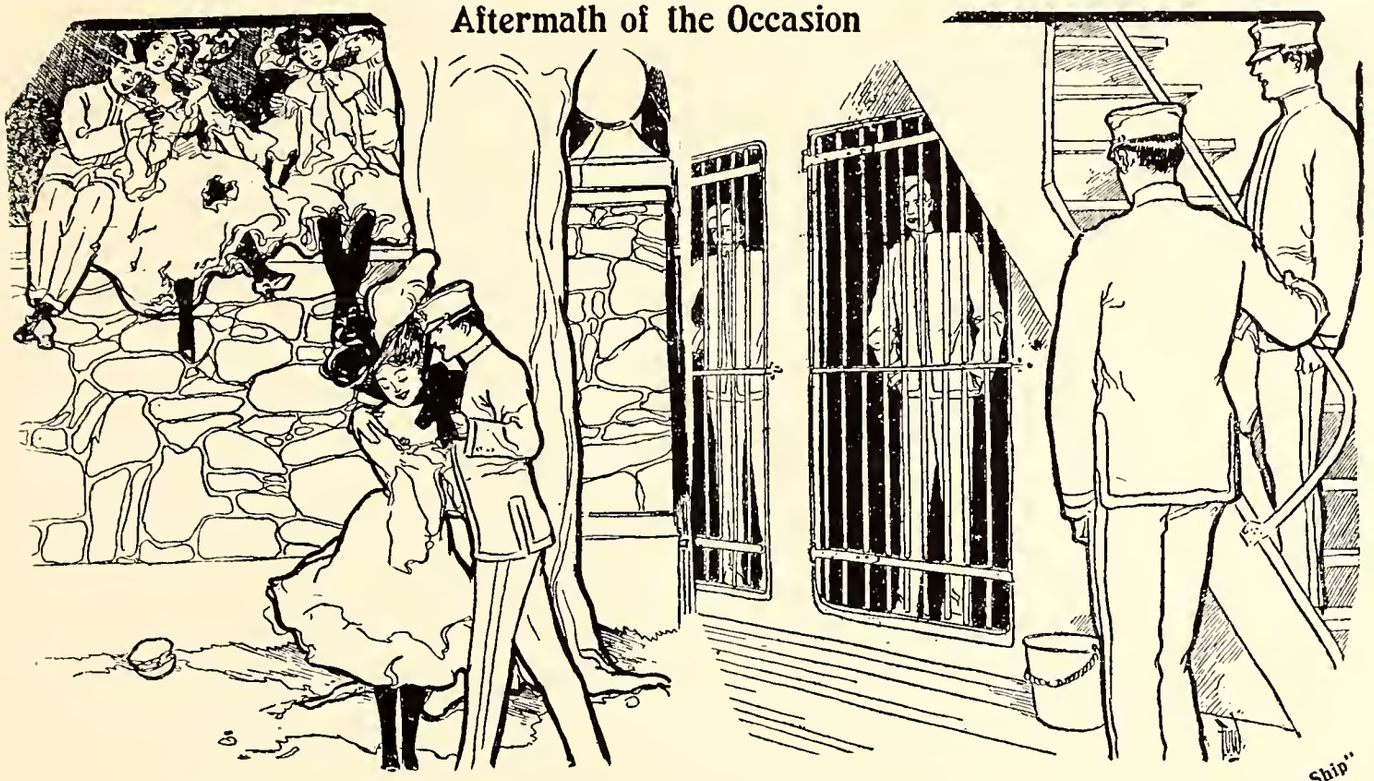
The blackness of the night is cleft,
As if by demon of sense bereft
A started horse goes snorting by,
A sailor shields his dazzled eye,
With grunting puff they take a curve,
On two wheels spin, but never swerve.
"Hard a port!" cries one. "Now let her go!
It's time we were there, the moon sets low.
But goggles, with a steady stare
Twirls round the wheel with coolest air.
With rising drone and odor vile
The bubble onward steers awhile.
Then, as if a Fate's stern wrath
Had drawn a finger across their path,
A squealing ground hog runs amuck.
The auto rises with a buck—
A crash—a splurge—and then it lies,
Panting feebly there with two great eyes
That show the three far down the road,
Lighting out, indeed, quite à la mode.
Three dull thuds and then a groan,
Goggles sits up with stifled moan:
"We were game to the end and surely have
dusted,
But I greatly fear my bubble is busted."

ACT III.

Eight bells proclaim the midnight hour,
A grewsome scene: The clouds do low'r
On narrow strip of quarterdeck—
The Mids there stand a perfect wreck.
Like two drowned rats they came aboard
And now await the falling sword.
"Two hours late!" a voice does speak
As if the Fates would vengeance wreak.
"Sir," says one in accents mild,
"Our plans have failed, they all went wild.
We trusted to an auto's speed,
For late we were, and had great need.
By chance a woodchuck chucked our car—
Thus fell at once our lucky star."
And there lay Goggles with busted bubble,
With but poor thanks for all his trouble."

The moral here we clearly state:
He who hurries most is surely late.
Applause resounds, and that's quite certain
Music then, and then—the curtain.

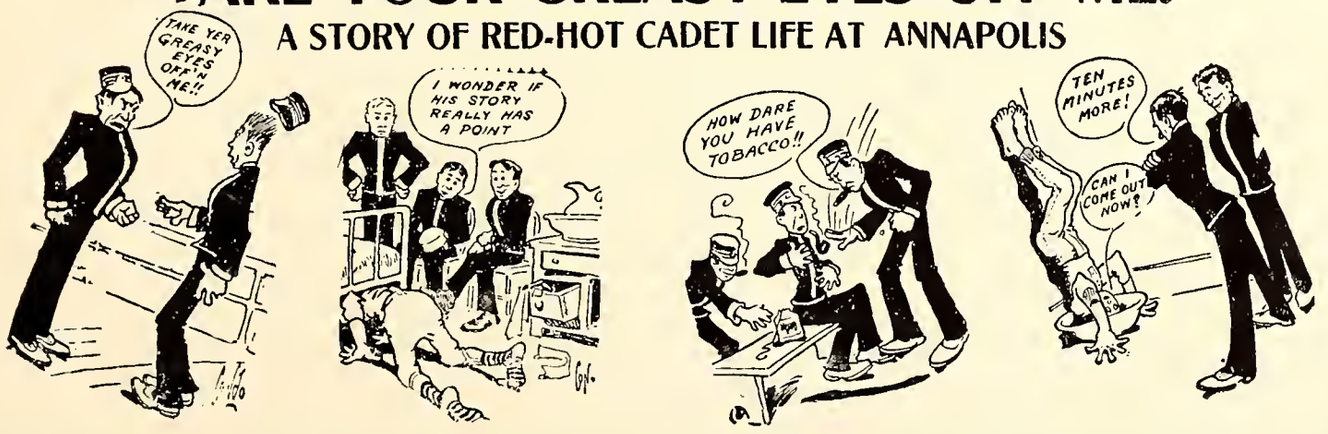
A STORY OF A NIGHT OUT: When the "Prince of Pilsen" Visited Annapolis, and the Aftermath of the Occasion



Cadets Enjoyed the Evening *And Are Paying for Their Fun* "Hit the Ship"

"TAKE YOUR GREASY EYES OFF ME!"

A STORY OF RED-HOT CADET LIFE AT ANNAPOLIS



A Toast

We have all of us praised the girl that we met
When sailing away on the cruise,
And the girl that on leave is quite the best yet,
To her our hearts gladly we loose.

But we've none of us sung of one little dame,
Who has never been given full praise;
Yet all our best wishes she surely can claim
But for her—what were liberty days?

So here let me pledge you—this lady fair—
I know you'll all drink the toast down—
To the maid whom you'll find to be always right there—
The girl of Annapolis town.

The Classes

The First Class

First Class year is the last of all,
But first we are at the final ball.
The years of work are swept aside,
As the Academy gate is opened wide.
So gentle reader glancing here,
Shed not for us the parting tear.

The Second Classman

I.

The Second Classman gravely stalks,
You tell him by the way he walks.
Deep in Mechanics and things unknown,
Haunted by those he ought to bone.
Cruises two have played their part,
Alas! mayhap he's lost his heart.

II.

Two years are passed and now he stands
As though a sailor on distant sands
Who sees afar a haven safe,
And totters on, a tired waif.
Hope springs anew within his breast
As nearer comes the place of rest.

III.

Behind him beats the surf of time,
The finished work with all its grime
As in a mist old memories throng
Of hard exams and probs done wrong.
And yet again, the brighter side,
Of friends he's made for life's high tide.

IV.

Before him gleams a steady light,
With graduation now in sight.
The First Class year is near at hand,
With those new rates that give command.
And there beyond in future dim
A guiding fate is beckoning him.

The Youngster

I.

The Youngster is a brand unique;
For his like indeed you have far to seek.
A few months in him a great change have made,
Those memories dark, how quick they fade!
With haughty mien he glances there
At a shaking Plebe, who must beware.

II.

His ratey swing and manner bold
Mark him easily out as you are told
To be the Youngster, gay not shy,
Whom often at the hops you spy.
He has been at least once out to sea,
But is gamboling now 'neath the Christmas tree.

The Plebe

I.

The Plebe is an object so strange
That it is hopeless to try to arrange
The dont's and why's and what's
That are only found in the knots
Which he is surely forced to untie
While eating of plebedom pie.

II.

Since the ways of the Plebes are queer,
In straight lines they gracefully steer,
While they clap on a Sir at your nod
And are really things very odd.
But forgive their childish haste,
For the Plebes have no time to waste.

Daily Routine

3.00 a. m. Booth arises to bone.

4.00 a. m. Aiken comes to last night supper formation.

5.00 a. m. Connor gets up to study the dictionary.

5.30 a. m. Booth is still boning.

6.00 a. m. All night "Bridge" party breaks up.

6.05 a. m. Noyes reports to telephone.

6.10 a. m. Williams gives accustomed dance on window sill.

6.20 a. m. Lowman says morning prayers.

6.30 a. m. White wakes up and begins to cry.

6.31 a. m. Smith begins to shave.

6.32 a. m. Smith finishes shaving.

6.40 a. m. Sharp refuses to eat until all "Plebes" are served.

6.45 a. m. Booth bones during breakfast.

6.50 a. m. Bartlett practices "Lord Chesterfield."

7.00 a. m. Connor has chance to show knowledge of English language.

7.30 a. m. Rees tries to hit the sick list.

8.00 a. m. Kelly attempts to keep step with section.

8.30 a. m. Collins tells Chantry, "Fathah stretten yo' laigs."

8.45 a. m. Manly wakes up.

8.50 a. m. McWhorter tells instructor "That's where you've got me."

9.00 a. m.	Noyes reports to telephone.
9.15 a. m.	Wallace rhinos.
9.30 a. m.	Carstein breaks out mandolin and begins to(sing?)
10.00 a. m.	Aiken arrives at breakfast formation.
10.30 a. m.	Metcalf reports to office for special delivery letter.
11.00 a. m.	Kelly attempts to look savez.
11.30 a. m.	Connor still studies dictionary.
11.48 a. m.	Smith begins to shave.
11.49 a. m.	Smith finishes shaving.
12.00 noon	Noyes keeps an engagement on Lovers Lane.
12.10 p. m.	Noyes has to part.
12.30 p. m.	Wallace rhinos.
12.45 p. m.	Booth bones during dinner.
1.00 p. m.	Lowman says prayers.
2.00 p. m.	Noyes reports to telephone.
2.30 p. m.	Rees goes to see "Dick" Grady.
3.00 p. m.	Aiken arrives at dinner formation.
3.30 p. m.	Conner makes a speech.
4.00 p. m.	Collins says "Pote ahms, unfix baynets, mach!"
4.15 p. m.	Metcalf receives a letter by express.
4.30 p. m.	Collins says "One man in rair fo, be a casuality."
4.45 p. m.	Newton is locked in room to bone.
4.46 p. m.	Newton climbs out of the window and goes fussing.
5.15 p. m.	Booth still bones.
5.30 p. m.	Noyes keeps another date.
6.00 p. m.	Bartlett joins fussing element.
6.15 p. m.	Spofford imagines he is the "Roaring Borealis."

6.30 p. m. Connor studies dictionary for a change.

7.00 p. m. Noyes reports to telephone.

7.15 p. m. Smith begins to shave.

7.16 p. m. Smith finishes shaving.

7.30 p. m. McWhorter wants to know if anything is doing.

7.31 p. m. McWhorter finds plenty doing.

7.45 p. m. Bridge game starts.

8.00 p. m. "Mac" is winning.

8.30 p. m. Time for White to turn in.

9.00 p. m. Lowman says prayers.

9.30 p. m. Booth still boning.

10.05 p. m. Kelly, Pence and Booth go to study party.

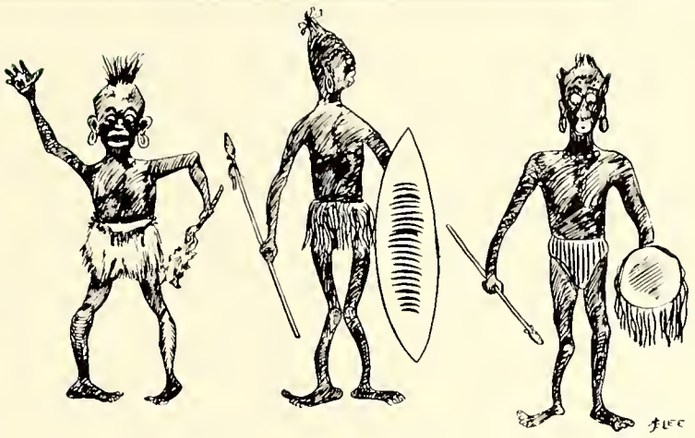
11.00 p. m. Study party breaks up. Booth bones in his room.

12.00 midnight Bridge game still going on.

1.00 a. m. Booth still boning.

2.00 a. m. Davis and Wallace wake up to eat something.

2.30 a. m. Booth turns in and all is quiet.



Nonsense Rhyme

I went to the animal fair
To see the strange creatures there
With their awful charms
Tattooed on the arms
Of the Mids having money to spare.

Si was the first to appear
With a woozle beast on his ear,
And down on his chest,
Looking worse than the rest,
Was tattooed a stripéd reindeer.

Then Touge Soup Plate Bill asked why
Did we give him the glad go by
When his arms were adorned
With bears that were horned
And birds having only one eye.

Tommy-Lew then showed with some pride
A snake with a sea green hide,
Curled ready to strike
Or even to hike
From the nest on Tommy's left side.

Of Dragons, Andy had two,
Eating berries, covered with dew,
With kaleidoscope skins
And flying fish fins,
And wings colored robins-egg blue.

Then Kidd, with practical care
Had painted, I don't know where,
A meal pennant red,
As a dare, so he said,
But concealed it with cunning rare.

And Cabby, not to be done,
Had a drawing made of the sun
Throwing rays far and near
From his hand to his ear,
Like an octopus on the run.

HOWDY!
HELLO BILL!
HONK! HONK!
40%
GASOLINE
MY BUT THEIR STUDIES ARE HARD!!!
R. R. Smith '07

THE 40%

Down the Line with John Henry

"The period of a sympathizing osculation is about 10 seconds."

"Yes, sir; the recoil cylinders are filled with nitro glycerine."

"Her course is S. W. by S ¼N., sir."

"The locking gear is used to lock the engines for the first 100 yards of the run."

"The stuffing-boxes on the condenser are stuffed with fulminate of mercury and asbestos."

"I am going to bone hard next month."

"In a fog a steamer gives one long stroke of the bell every 15 minutes."

"The jacking engine is used to pump air out of the hot well."

"The compass moves with the hands of a clock."

Geo. W. Bartlett

The Track Man

There was a young midshipman,
From Annapolis he came
Up to Philadelphia
To see the football game.

And when the game was over,
To get him home again
He went down to the station
And climbed aboard a train.

The train was slow, the hour late,
Awake he could not keep;
So he curled up in a corner
And soon was fast asleep.

Full peacefully he slumbered on
As the cars rolled slowly down
The crooked rails that led them
To old Annapolis town.

When all were safely landed,
A tired bunch and sore,
The train it did back out again
To head for Baltimore.

About an hour up the road,
Full ten miles had gone by,
The Mid rolled over on his seat,
Sat up and rubbed an eye.

Then to his feet he quickly sprang
And lustily did shout,
"Oh, cox'n, stop her, take me home—
Come put your train about!"

"Young man, I'm going home to bed—
I won't go back for you;
I'll stop the train and let you off,
But that is all I'll do."

Thus spoke the stern conductor—
In vain the Middy plead.
Full soon his resting place was changed—
'Twas now a railroad bed.

Had you been there perhaps you would
His manly form have seen
Stepping with care from tie to tie
Lest he slip in between.

The cold November wind came up,
Right through him it did blow;
Chilled to the marrow of his bone,
Yet onward he did go.

His hands thrust in his pockets
(Things which ought ne'er to be),
It mattered little at the time
For there was none to see.

His collar up around one ear,
His blouse unbuttoned quite,
His cap had long since blown away—
He was a sorry sight.

Thro' the long hours of the night
He closely hugged the track,
For he was sure of but one thing,
That path would lead him back.

So on he struggled as the miles
So slowly passed away,
Till in the east a light he saw—
The first faint streaks of day.

Then with the sun his spirits rose,
Annapolis drew near,
And as he crossed the county bridge
He *almost* raised a cheer.

We hailed him "Hero of the track"
(Tho' he can't see the joke),
And we've given Hoot a medal
For the record that he broke..

Mary

Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

CONNOR

Mr. President, Gentlemen: One of the previous speakers has made the assertion that a certain young lady bearing the attractive cognomen of Mary, possessed a small domestic animal which she used as a pet, namely a lamb. He also stated that the aforesaid animal was covered with an immaculate fleece, and that no matter in what location the aforesaid Mary chanced to be, it was reasonably certain that the lamb was in the immediate vicinity. I merely wish to add that these statements are undoubtedly correct.

HAYES

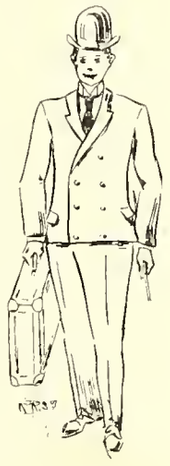
Ah, I don't give a rip if Mary did have a —— lamb. None of the femmes in Kentucky have a goat follow them around, and I guess they are the real hot stuff. It makes me rhino, anyway, whenever I hear of a lamb with white hair. Shove off and let me sleep!

LOWE

I say, Cull, what d'ye tink of de latest fairy tale about a femme de guys call Mag? Well, this Liz has got a holt of a sheep wid a white case, *see*—Git off my feet or I'll hand ye one!—and whenever Mag butts into a dance hall or prances down de line, this goat is her steady friend—*see?*

FITCH

Yes, sir; aye, aye, sir; Fitch, sir. Very well, sir. Mary, sir, had a little lamb, sir. It's fleece, sir, was white as snow, sir. And, sir, everywhere that Mary went, sir, the lamb was sure to go, sir. Is that all, sir? Thank you, sir. Good day, ir.



NEWTON

Have you seen her? She is coming down to the hop next week. Is she all to the good? Say she is so swell that I haven't asked but two other girls to that hop. The only trouble is that she has a —— —— lamb with white hair, that dewberries on every date I have. I'd like to choke the —— thing.

WHITE

Nursie, tell 'ittle Bobbie 'bout 'ittle girlie wis a wee-wee Ba Ba lambie. Goo-goo nursie, 'ittle Ba Ba all dwessed in nice clean dwess, an' every time 'is 'ittle girlie goes to play, Ba Ba goes wis her. Goo goo.

To
Mr and Mrs John R. McLean
from the Brigade of Midshipmen
in appreciation of the hospitality
extended to them
March 4th 1905.

MARCH 4, 1905

A Prophecy

His Satanic Majesty was visiting the earth after a lapse of several years. As a mark of special recognition he determined to start his mundane wanderings with a visit to the Naval Academy. Arriving here, he immediately sought the one department from which he felt sure he would receive a royal welcome. He entered the building devoted to this department, unannounced, as he wished to see if his faithful servants were still doing their duty. It was the hour of recitation, and all was quiet save the hammering of seven or eight steam drills and a few dozen riveters. As he stealthily tiptoed his way to the rooms above, he mentally gloated on the system he had inaugurated for the crushing of youthful ambition. Rendering himself invisible, he entered one of the recitation rooms. He noticed with a shudder that the instructor was talking in a pleasant tone of voice and was at the moment, actually acknowledging himself at fault. What was this? Rank treason! He glanced hastily at the boards hoping that there at least he would not be disappointed, but instead of the finished mechanical drawing usually demanded by this department, he saw just a few sensible line sketches, without the "standard hatching" effects. Could this be his pet department? The one favorite child of his fiendish brain?

Weak and shaking, he sneaked behind the instructor's chair to watch some of the marks put down. The Middy that had just recited had given pages and pages of "My book" verbatim, but when asked what the Greek government paid for brass had confessed his ignorance. Mephisto chuckled, and peering at the mark book watched the

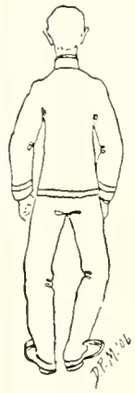
instructor's hand trace out a 3.2. Horrible!! He choked for breath, and stumbling along under his load of shame and disappointment left the building and quickly sought the lower regions, determined to wreak a fearful vengeance on the lost souls below.

As he neared the somber entrance to these Plutonic realms, he noticed that instead of the hot sulphurous atmosphere that usually surrounded the approach to Hades, the air was cool and chilly. Anxiously he flew on and entered his dark abode. The very flames on the brimstone lake had ceased to be. He flew near the surface of that erstwhile burning pond and noticed it covered with a hard, glassy substance. He stooped, and to his unconceivable horror he saw that it was ice!

El Estudiente

In the classroom of the Dago
Stalked the Middies still and solemn.
In they stalked and took their stations,
Round the paleface with his markbook.
Up then spoke the noble chieftain,
Chieftain wise in foreign lingo—
Up, he spake in tones commanding,
"*Diga me de esta quenta.*"
Then a Middie, pale and trembling,
Quick uprose and made he answer,
Answer made he in a fashion,
Fashion of the tribe of Middies,
"*Yo no se*," his only answer.

Our Side Show



Ladies and gentlemen, kindly direct your attention to this platform for a few moments, as I wish to present to you one of the star features of our grand tented exhibition. Here before you you see the world's famous Bryan, known in the catalogue of freaks as the human wish-bone. His legs measure five feet in length and are separated at the knees by the extreme distance of four feet. We defy the world to produce his equal.

And here, shackled by those massive chains of hardest iron, stamping back and forth in wild rage against his capture and confinement is Lowe, the wild man of New York. This curiosity was captured in the everglades of the bowery after a desperate struggle, killing fourteen men and four Middies. He will be fed in two hours and a half. Don't fail to wait and watch him devour a helpless Plebe after rendering him to shreds with his mighty hands.

Here we have "Hook'em," the cow-faced wonder. Notice the gentle bovine expression on the almost human countenance. Gaze on this mysterious manifestation of Nature's odd miscalculations, and depart with the knowledge of having seen one of the really grand and awful sights that you are permitted to see but once in a lifetime.

I take extreme pleasure in introducing next Mlle. Woolson, the famous albino. Note with wonder the mossy silk-like texture of her long white hair. See the soft, delicate pink of her skin and eyes. Mark the small, milk-white hands, and with it all realize that the sight of this one freak alone is well worth the price to admit you to this grand and gorgeous collection of human oddities.

The management of this wondrous institution takes especial pride in being able to present, for your amusement, this unparalleled monstrosity. Here you see Kirby Smith, the only human extant weighing over one ton. He is transported from place to place with the elephants, as his great weight would crush an ordinary coach. He is more familiarly known as the "doughy fullback" or the "chubby guard." His one great rival for natoinal fame is Jack the Fire Horse.

Next we have "Baron Münchausen Riebe," universally conceded to be the world's greatest snake charmer and animal trainer. Approach without fear, ladies and gentlemen, and see him do his stupendous act. See him grasp those long writhing Scotch plaid Boa Constrictors, and watch him twine them around his neck and body. Truly a most wonderful performance and one long to be remembered.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is "Cap. Collinski," the human lard pot. He derives this strange appellation from the fact that he is composed of nothing more or less than grease; and how he retains anthropoid shape is a question that cannot be answered even in this day and age of advanced knowledge. He is handled with exceeding care, as the slightest jar might break the thin exterior film and spill the oily contents, thus depriving the world of one of its queerest curiosities.

On this platform you see Leigh Noyes, the human ostrich, who will eat anything from a beef stew "à la messhall" to an onioned spud. You may well marvel how any stomach will receive such deadly objects. It is a question that has baffled the entire scientific world for years. Suffice to say that he is one of those freaks whose very existence defies explanation.

And lastly, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to call your attention to the superlative exhibit in our "Gallery of truly marvelous attractions." Other shows present the ossified man or the petrified maiden, but we go a step in advance of all competitors when we show you a living, breathing human being that is slowly but surely turning to wood. This awesome object bears the name of Buckskin Kelley, and costs the management of this superb aggregation of natural marvels more than the combined price of all the other features.

Thanking you one and all for your kind attention, I beg to announce that the big show is about to start.

Secure your tickets at the main gate.

A Wharf Rat

Say, mister! give us a light.

Just off one of them white ships is you?

Them officer guys kind a keep you bell boys on the jump—

Seen as many as fifty of you fellows come in yesterday in a boat and head straight for a flossy bunch of ladies at the hotel.

Who's de swab that sends all them messages?

You not a bell boy!

What you given' me?

Get wise! I can tell a gazaboo like you when I get my peepers on him.

Cut it out!

I have bummed the docks and these here summer joints too long to swallow any of that line of gab.

But put me next.

What are you gettin' for shovin' the notes?

Fade away!—You a midshipman!

Why, you ain't even a man yet!

Back to the bum boat with that bluff of yours!

You say those ladies are friends of yours—I like that!

What you take me for?

Thanks for the light—

Look here, pal; I have knocked about some and been up against it a hang sight more than you guys, and I'll give you one bit to the good—friends in this world ain't as numerous as they seem, and when you need one he ain't often showin' up. Me and me raglan don't look the slick combination, but I have seen some big guys and their peacherines, and I give you lads the hunch not to think you are it, for you ain't, and leave them ladies you says as be your friends, alone.

You a gentleman and an officer!

Forget it!

Them glad rags you are sportin' are a dead give—

I have got a push-button friend of me own.

So plug it!—

Tell you how it is—

There's a howlin' bird of a girl as I seen every day a drivin' in her benzine buggy—One time it busted and I helped her fix it.

Now look here! Don't you laugh.

I may not look the polite article, and I ain't got the swag, but I have the feelin's of a gentleman—

So cut it out!—

What I wants to know is, what it means when one of your bunch with shiny kickers, jumps into her little buzz wagon today and rides off; both of them happy as you please, and me who would cut off the stump of me bum mit for her, standin' in the dust lookin'—

She never so much as looked at me when she has been a speakin' to me every day on passing the dock.

This ain't no squash talk, but I want it straight—

Is that guy a gentleman?

You says he is—Thanks!

Yes, that's the reason I asked you for a light.

You understand, do you?

Well, I be cuffed if I do—

I guess I'll shove off.

Hot-aired too long. But I drop you this—Life ain't all its cracked up to be, by a long shot!

Good night, Mr. Bell Boy.

No—can't stay—

No—don't want a match.

My cig 's out.

Don't want a light!

Dutch

Little Dutch Carstein
Sat on a beer sign
Eating a piece of duff.
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a—cockroach
And said, "Well, I guess I'm hot stuff."

Sounds from the Bull Pen

"Good morning, gentlemen. I fear the worst. Some of you are nearing the lee shores of a 2.5. You will all have to brace up and gather aft. You might as well engage your sleepers for home, while you are thinking about it, for you will certainly need them after the examinations."

"Man the boards. Mr. Madden, fly your distinguishing pennant. Take this data, Mr. Metcalf, you have about as much conception of this problem as a hippopotamus wallowing in a shallow pool. Capsize that fraction, Mr. Benzoni. Is your name Benzoni or Macaroni. Oh, Marzoni, is it? Well, I used to be shipmates with a bosun by the name of Benzoni. Mr. Mayo, you don't know any more about that than a Swahili. Mr. Meyers, any man that would pick out the sine for the cosine would belay his sheets in a squall. Come about, Mr. Manly, come about; you are getting into shoal waters. I'd hate to see any of you with an admiral's billet. Never mind, we will find you out soon enough and then you can occupy those berths that you engaged for home."

Gives Moses a 4 and the rest a 2, and dismisses the section an hour late.

WOODRUFF

English Officer talking to West Pointer:

"I say old chap, I suppose when you finish at West Point you go to Annapolis, ye know."

STUNG ! !

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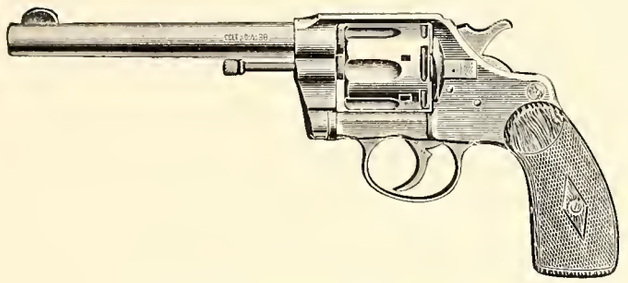

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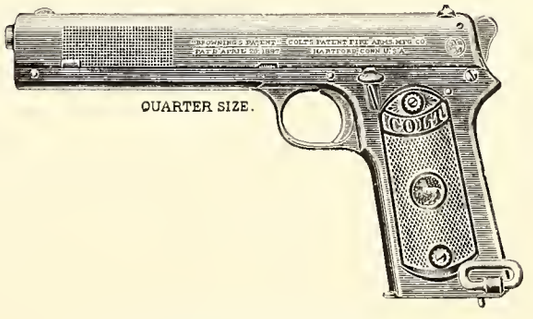

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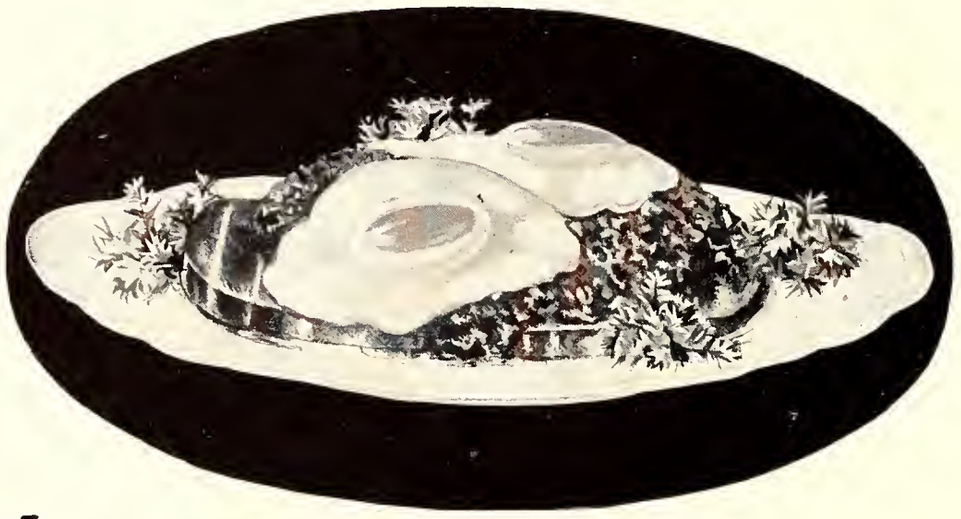

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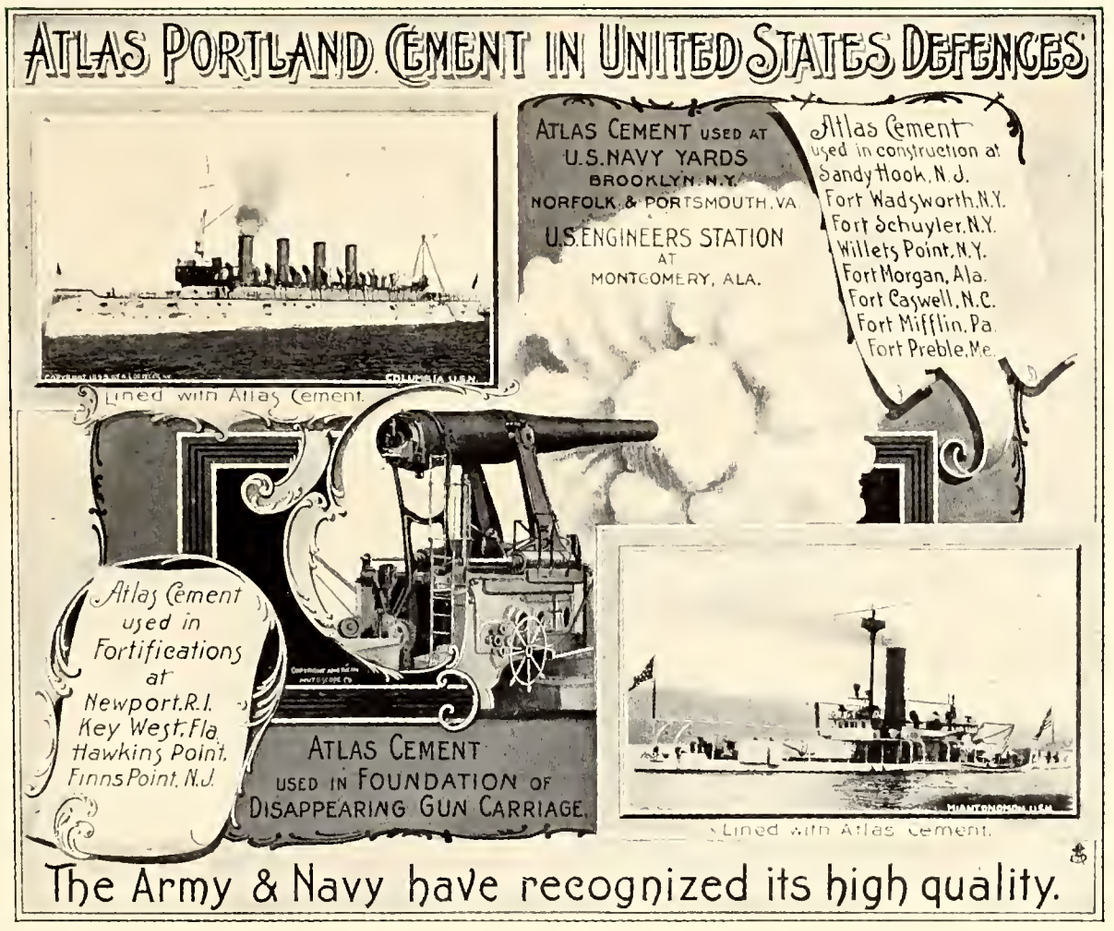

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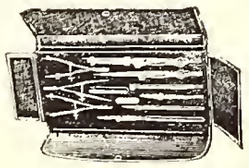

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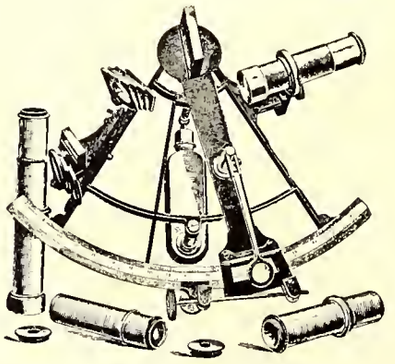

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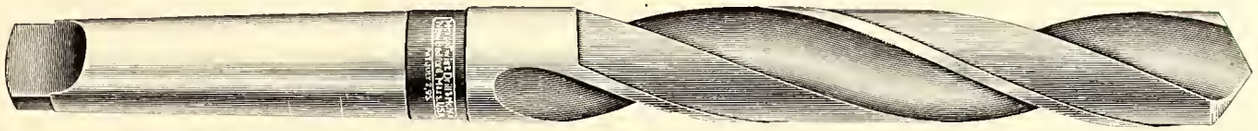

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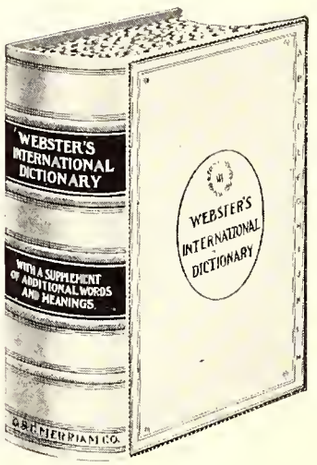

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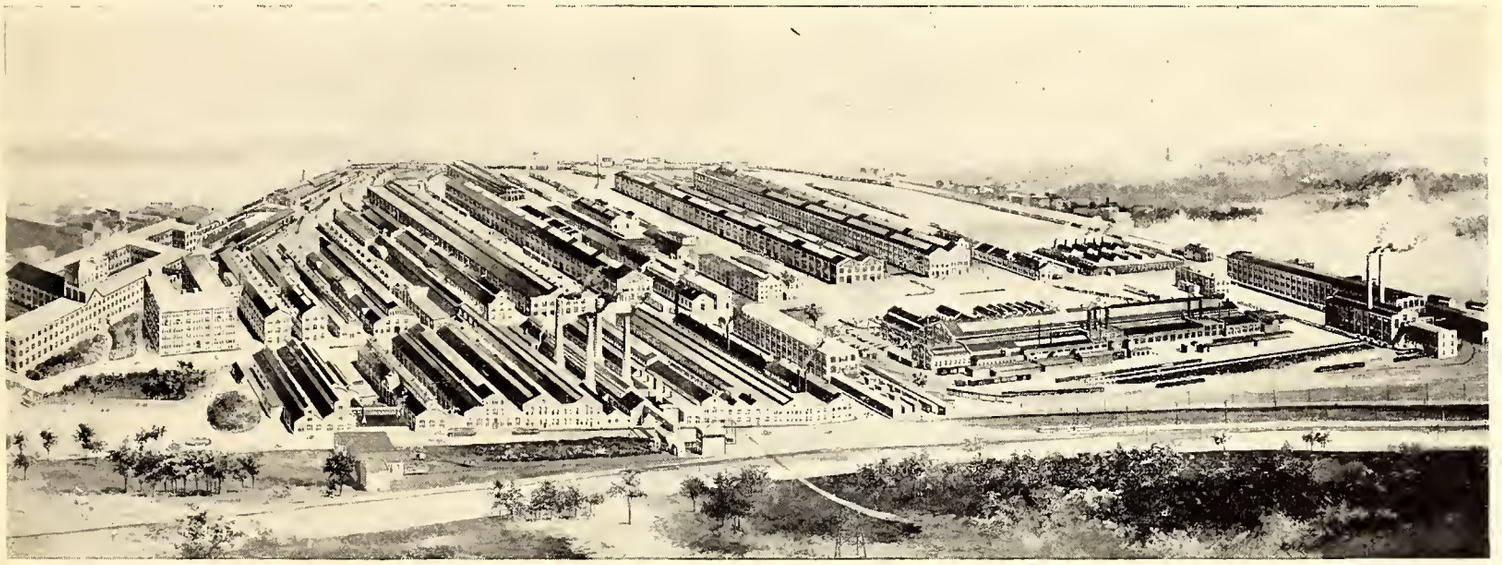

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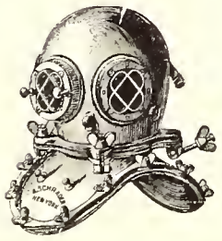

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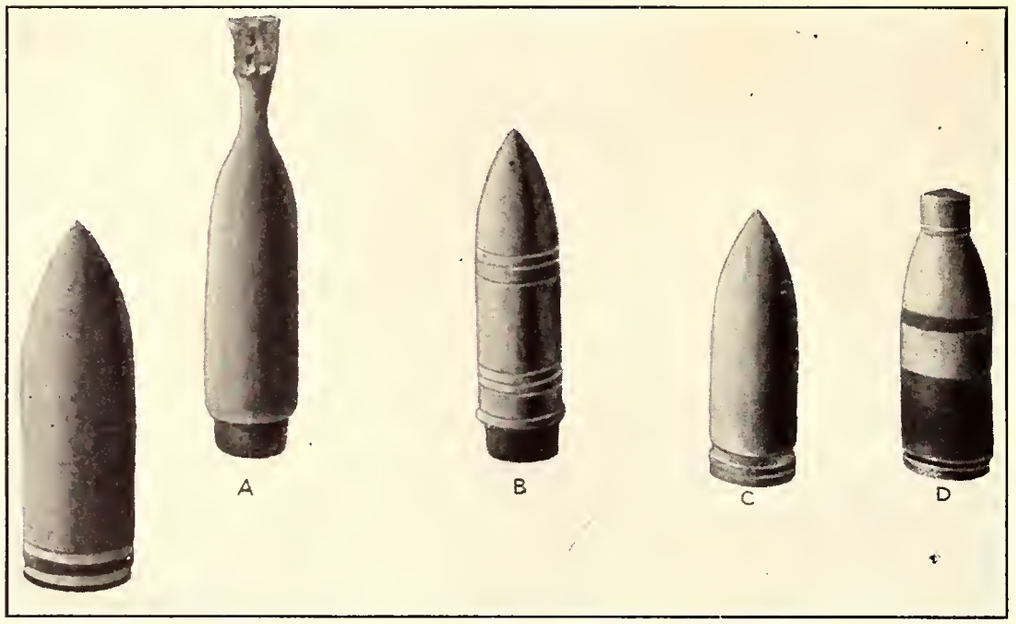

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